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As are distinguished for their

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And above Two Hundred TOASTS and SENTIMENTS,
of the most DELICIOUS ORDER.

Lust, through some certain Strainers well refin'd,
Is GENTLE LOVE, and charms all Womankind.

ESSAY ON MAN, Epist. II.

A NEW EDITION.

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A Humourous Dutch dialogue,

AS I vas go by de tinteent cantons, dat is the place were de vas sell de alamote peef, who should pe stand at de door, but Mynheer Vanflawken and Mynheer Vandyson. Zo, Mynheer Vanflawken was say to me, vat is de matter you never was go down to the Veen's-head at Yelfea, to play de game at the Dutch robbers. Zo, I say to him, I never vas go dere, but I will go some time or anoders. Zo, he zay to me, come now, come now, and pring your wifes along vid you. Zo, I zay to him, fair, I vas got ne'er a wife's. Zo, he zays to me, den I suppose you keep a fauker-womans—yes, fair, zay I—I vas keep a fauker-woman, to be sure fair. Zo den he zay to me, vel, vel, pring your fauker-woman along vid you. Zo I go into Newkner's lane. I fesh mine fauker-woman, and away he vas go to de Veen's-head at Yelfea, yest py his Majesty's bon-house. Ven we was come dere, dere vas Mynheer Vanflawken, Mynheer Vandyson, and his wifes, and his wife's broders, and Mynheer Hoofsnicken, and his fauders and moders. Zo Mynheer Vanflawken, he vas say to me, fair I wil play vid you at de Dutch robbers for any monie.—zo away we vas go at it, and vile he was lock ofer de vall ad de younk fauker-

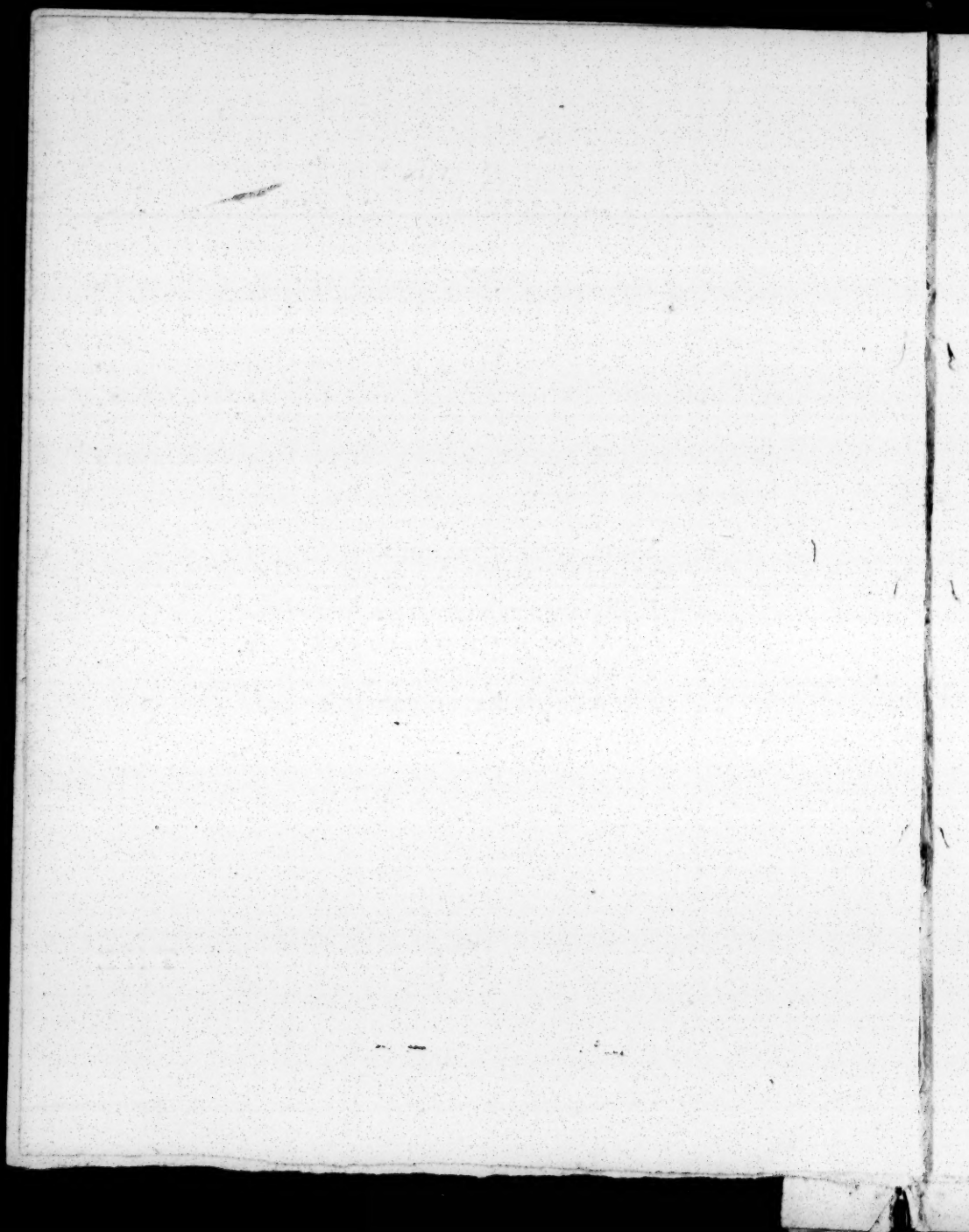
women's, as vas to go py—py Got fai, I was tip all nine, four I push down mid de powl, and five mid de doter hand:—Hey, vat de devils ish de matter now? Vat you tipe all nine? says Mynheer Vanlawken: **yes fair**, says I—I was tipe all nine—by Got dat vas not fair, says Mynheer Vanlawken—yes fair, says I, dat vas very fair; Well, vell, says Mynheer Vanlawken, I could not see, I had not eyes in my aurse. Zo den he say, he would play anoder games along mid me.—Zo I play anoder games—and anoder, and anoder by Got I was beat him every one. Zo he fin, he would play no more games, but would go into de room behind de bar, and hase a stank of the shumilt beers, and baper de shumoist tobacco. Zo in de mean vile, my fawker-woman was in de bar, along vid de womans of de hause, and madam Vanlawken. Zo de vomans of de hause vas say to mine fawker-woman—madam, vile you please to come and shiit down by me. zo my fawker-woman vas shiit down by de vomans of de hause, and de vomans of de hause vas shiit down by mine fawker-womans. ze de voman of de hause she say to madam Vanlawken, and my fawker-woman, ladies, will you have a trop of a trans. zo by Got, they drink five or six drams a-piece, dey was very soper womens to be sure. zo in de mean vile Mynheer Vanlawken, vas tumble into a great dispute, about vish was de greatest man's, de El—r of H——r or de St——r,

St——r. zo as I was come from H——r mine-
 felfs, I zay de El——r H——r was a more greater
 man as he. Den Mynheer Vanflawken fay, plhaw,
 de El——r of H——r is no more as a foolish
 old voman, dat vas make me as mad as the devils.
 zo I fay, by Got he is no more as a foolish old man, so
 you was a liar for dat; den up he vas come to me, and
 gave me a devilish dump of the eye. zo den I got up
 to him, and gif him anoder dump. zo den he come up
 to me and gif me a dump of the yeck—den I gif him
 anoder dump of the yeck, away den we go at it, dare
 was dump for dump, and plump for plump till Mynheer
 Vanflawken vas got me down on de floor.—zo as I vas
 lie down on de floor, vat must I do den. Mynheer was
 a great tall gross man's come fau, and I was a little spare
 man's come fau. So by Got, a comical thought was come
 into mine head, dat I would bite de Dushman's nose
 zo by Got I turn about and I bite his nose. troo and troo,
 —Donder and Blackfen, fays Mynheer, vat is it you bite
 a man's nose—No fair, said I, I did not bite your nose.
 By Got, fays Mynheer Vanflawken, you was a tamm'd
 liar, if you say you was not bite my nose. zo I fay,
 indeed fair, I did not. Donder and zarkfen, you lie
 you dief, only see now yentlemen's, how it vas hang
 dingle dangle, one way and de oter by a litel bit of skin.
 zo den all de yentlemens fay, it vas a damt shame dat one

man should pite anoder man's nose. zo one gentleman was come and gif me a dump, and anoder came and gif me a dump, by Got dey ge me ten hundred tousand dumps, and kicked me out of de company.—zo as I was go down flairs, I zay murder! murder! zo who should come up but an Englishmans, as I was know feiry well. zo I zay to him, come along mid me, here is Mynheer Vanslawken says, I pite his nose.—O G—t d—m his plood, says de Englishman, tell him he bit his nose his own self.—by Got I tought it was very comical, dat a man should pite his own nose; however, away I was run in, dere! dere! says I, Mynheer Vanslawken, you was a black-guard, you was a scoundrel, and a diefsman, you say I was pite your nose, by Got fair, you pite your own nose your own selves.—Got tam mine ploods yentlemens says Mynheer Vanslawken, here is a black-guard, here is a scoundrel!—Now yentlemens, I will be gudged by ye, weder it is possible a mans can pite his own nose his own selves.—zo all the yentlemen say, no to be sure—but Mynheer Hoofsnecken, a very gre wise mans, was shiting by de fire-side, drinking his tankard of de smelt peer, and smoaking his pipe of the smoisht tobago—Yentlemens, says he, noding is impossible mid Got—if Got please a man may pite his own nose his own selves.—So den all the Yentlemen was fall aboard de great fat Dutchman, and gise him ten hundred doustand dumps
for

to pite his own nose his own self, and lay it upon another-man. But in de mean vile, who should come in but Mynheer Vandondermans, de comical Dutchman, by Got he was a comical mans, so comical he make you skite your brogenbrooks, he was come in, O yentlemens, yentlemens, says he, vat is de reason of de dant noise and botteration. Come, come, shitt down, shitt down, says he, and I will gife you a pit of a Dutch song. So den dey all call silence, for Mynheer Vandonderman's song, he was begin.

Yonk coop macarmus
 My moifnet havet con gelt.
 Eftfoon ye vel macarma scope;
 Myre gelt is out o'mine sack alofe.
 Yon cop macarmus,
 My moifnet haven con gelt





T H E
F R I S K Y S O N G S T E R



S O N G I.

S P O R T S M A N ' s - H A L L.

I HAVE a tene ment to let
Will please both great and small, Sir,
And if you'd know the name of it,
I call it Sportsman's-hall, Sir:
It's seated in a pleasant vale,
Near to a rising hill, Sir,
And through it runs a purling stream,
Wou'd turn a little mill, Sir.
It is not roof'd with slate or tile,
Nor is it piec'd or patch'd, Sir,
Yet a drop of Rain can ne'er get in,
It is so nicely thatch'd, Sir:
If I do not let it foon,
By Jove I'll have it cry'd, Sir;
For what's the use of such a thing,
If it's not occupy'd, Sir?

This

This house is very dark at night,
 And so it is by day, Sir;
 Yet if you enter in aright,
 You cannot loose your way, Sir:
 When once you're in, push boldly on
 As far as e'er you can, Sir,
 And if you reach the farther end,
 You'll be where ne'er was man, Sir.
 There is no window to this house,
 Nor is there but one door, Sir;
 No parlour, nor fine rooms up-stairs,
 But just the middle floor, Sir:——
 Yet let not that discourage you,
 For ere you long are there, Sir,
 What though your furniture be large,
 You'll find enough to spare, Sir.
 On two rais'd pillars stands this house,
 Yet though near the door, Sir,
 You can't get fairly in, unless
 You creep upon all-four, Sir:
 Though there is ne'er a soul within,
 This little door t' unlock, Sir:
 It is so cunningly contriv'd,
 'Twill open, if you knock, Sir.
 It is surrounded by a wood,
 Where there is game in plenty!

Of hairs so stout, you scarce can find
 The like in places twenty :
 Of coney-hunting, day and night,
 You'll have your full enjoyment ;
 And if in cocking you delight,
 You ne'er will want employment.
 This house is warm without a fire,
 In it is peace and plenty ;
 It is in very good repair,
 And has stood years but twent :
 The sort of tenant I wou'd choose,
 I will now tell you fairly,
 He must be young, and one that can
 Get up both late and early.
 One that cultivates the land,
 And sows it in due season,
 That handles well the threshing flail,
 Whene'er there is occasion :
 If he does this, I promise him
 I ne'er for rent will call, Sir ;
 But, if he fails, I will eject
 Him out of Sportsmen's-hall, Sir.

S O N G II.

T H E F R A N K.

O N C E a lady requested a nobleman's hand
 That her letter might go carriage free.—

He

He took up his pen to obey her command,
 And on it wrote C-u-n-t.
 The maid was dispatch'd to the post master straight,
 Who told her it would not go free,
 For the Parliament house, since the reign of Qu. Anne,
 Was not subject to C-u-n-t.
 It's a nobleman's title, reply'd the fair maid,
 Upon which she turn'd away blunt;
 A title! a turd, you impudent jade.
 For C-u-n-t does spell C—t.
 For I'm sure it's not us'd at a baron's creation,
 Nor by god-fathers nam'd at the fount;
 Nor knights of the garter, nor Bath's installation.
 No herald can quarter a C—t.
 At her head the Frank flew, whilst his clerk reck'd
 How they might for precedent hunt—
 But they found, in the reign of King Charles the Second,
 Most members made use of a C—t.
 Lords, clergy, and commons, alike did it prize,
 And the courtiers insisted upon't—
 'Twas raising the customs and helping the excise,
 For the general receiver was C—t.
 Away ran the maid in a hurry, for fear
 Her mistress should take an affront;
 The postman hobbled after, and cries out, "My dear,
 "Pr'ythee let me lay hold of thy C—t."

In the kitchen she flew, while he follow'd after,
 And strongly insisted upon't;
 On the stairs he o'ertook her, crying out, Lord, mistress,
 Here's a man will catch hold of my C—t.
 The mistress came down, to know what they were at,
 Demanding the letter to see:
 But no question she ask'd, for she soon smelt a rat,
 On beholding of C-u-n-t.
 At the postman she smiled, and her error she own'd,
 Saying, my maid brought this letter to me;
 But the like mistake Queen Elizabeth made,
 When Sunt was spelt C-u-n-t.
 Then let's bar mistake, and each keep his word,
 Let the ink from your pen follow free,
 Here's a health to the man that draws the best sword
 In defence of a C-u-n-t.

S O N G I I I.

C O M M O D O R E G A L E.

COME boys, and before the old vessel unmoors,
 Let's toss off a cann of good grog to the whores;
 It's a pity good liquor should ever grow stale,
 So knock round the wash, says old Commodore Gale.
Chorus,

Chorus.

Sing mix it, and stir it, says Commodore Gale,
Sing, mix it, &c.
It's a pity good liquor should ever grow stale.

I hate that d—d watching, and trudging the deck,
The most we can get boys, at best is a check :
Sit still then, and let the lieutenants all rail,
We'll ride out the breeze, says Commodore Gale.

Chorus.

Sing d—n 'em and sink 'em, says Commodore Gale.
Sing d—n 'em, &c.
Sit till then, &c.

The liquor's not their's, it is very well known,
We stole it, and so d—n their eyes, its our own ;
We'll booze it about till we spew like a whale,
To half-pay, and their downfall, says Commodore Gale.

Chorus.

Here's to peace and their downfall, says Com. Gale.
Here's to peace, &c.
We'll booze it, &c.

Were I but ashore, and they tipp'd me their jaw,
My truncheon should soon make them stand in more awe.
I'd thresh them as Farmers do corn with a flail ;
Till they cry'd out peccavi, says Commodore Gale.

Chorus.

Chorus.

Sing smash 'em and thresh 'em says Commodore Gale.
 Sing smash 'em, &c.
 I'd thresh 'em &c.

Come take t'other bottle, and draw forth the cork,
 And we'll toss off a cann to the whores of the York,
 For what tho' they do carry fire in there tail,
 The sailing is common says Commodore Gale,

Chorus.

Sing kifs 'em and bufs 'em, says Commodore Gale,
 Sing kifs 'em, &c.
 For what though, &c.

But thus while he hectors, and bullies and rears,
 And talks of his bruifings, and toasts all his whores,
 His stomach and noddle begin both to fail,
 There's go aud turn in, says old Commodore Gale,

Chorus

Sing knock off and sleep, says old Commodore Gale,
 Sing knock off &c,
 His stomach, &c.

Then he staggers to bed, and top-heavy with bub,
 He piss'd in his hammock instead of a tub,
 And dreamt he was swamp'd in a boat under fall,
 Oh! bail her, Oh! bail her, says Commodore Gale
 Cho

Chorus.

Sing scoop her, and bail her, says Commodore Gale,
Sing scoop her &c.
And dreamt, &c.

Then learn to drink freely ye bucks of the main,
But never o'er ballast your stomach or bgain ;
So with this sober moral we'll stop our tale.
And drink reformation to Commodore Gale.

Chorus.

Sing drink, and remember old Commodore Gale,
Sing drink &c.
So with this sober moral we'll stop our tale.

¶ The person who in the above song is called Com. Gale, was an old sotting midshipman on board the York Man of War, and the song was wrote by the Surgeon's Mite of that ship, as a piece of humourous satire on the bad examples he (Com. Gale) was too apt in general to set the other Midshipmen of the ship who were all his juniors.

S O N G I V

T H E B L U E B E L L S O F I R E L A N D .

N E W S neighbours news, great news I have to tell,
A waggon load of p—ks is come to town to sell,
And if you'll be my customers begar I'll use you well
And the blue bells of Ireland, go well boys well
And the clapper strikes on every side, bang her a-se well
In

In came lady gay—the footman ran before,
Desiring one, his mistress might, nine inches and no more;
And when he went to thrust it in, she cry'd encore.

And the blue bells,

In came parson's wife, herself for to please,
For she would have a little p—k to give herself some ease;
For parson's diddle, while a preaching, hung below his
kness.

And the blue bells, &c.

In came a gardner's wife, and she was cloath'd in green,
And buying of a dozen p—ks, she stole away fifteen,
And ram'm'd them all into her c—t, that they might not
be seen.

And the blue bells, &c.

In came the vintner's wife, and she was full of spleen,
And she would have the biggest p—k that ever yet was
seen;

For she had been plagued with little ones e'er since she
was fifteen,

And the blue bells, &c.

In came a sailor's wife, and she came from Black-wall.
She bought a waggon-load of p—ks, the wagoner and all
To make amends for loss of time, while Jack was at
Bengal.

And the blue bells, &c.

B

The

The next there came a little Miss, resolv'd to play her part,
 And when she heard the p—ks were sold, I thought
 'twould break her heart ;
 Pray give me leave, says she, to rub my c—t against
 your cart.
 And the blue bells, &c.

SONG V.
 COMICAL JACK.

SINCE you, on me, call for a song,
 I pr'ythee make no riot :
 I'll give you one, it shan't be long,
 So pray now all be quiet :
 It's of a buxom lad and lals,
 That one day went a nutting ;
 Where Jack roll'd her on the grass,
 And stopt up her dumb glutton.
 At night at home then he would play
 With her fame--what d'ye call it ;
 Says he, my dear, you know to-day
 I gave your a--se a salad ;
 And now I'm in the toying mind,
 I would again be st--h--g ;
 Therefore, my dear, if you'll be kind,
 We'll come here in the kitchen.

No ſooner ſaid, but to't they went,
 On a chair both old and crazy :
 He with his peg ſtopt up her vent,
 And rumpled all her dajzy :
 Says ſhe, now do it as you did
 To-day upon the graſs, man :
 When rattling came from o'er their heads
 Pots, pipkins, diſhes, ſaucepan.

This noiſe, uncommon, quickly brought
 Her miſtreſs from the parlour,
 Who in her infant years being taught,
 Was now an antient ſnarler :
 Surpriz'd at ſeeing ſuch a ſight,
 (To make a ſhort of the matter)
 She at them flung with all her might,
 A ſwinging wooden platter.

Unhappy Jack, in his ſurprize,
 Clapt pego in his breeches,
 And ma'am her coats pull'd o'er her thighs,
 The pot and ſaucepan reaches ;
 While he ſeem'd ſorry for his crime,
 That ſuch hard fate beſel it,---
 But he reſolv'd. another time,
 To give her a--ſe a ſailad.

S O N G VI.

N E D A N D N A N C Y.

Tune "Scotch Bonnet."

THERE's Hall and Doll, and Tom and Bess,
 Agreed to please their fancy,
 For to put on their Sunday's dress,
 And call on Ned and Nancy----
 And as they pass'd along the way,
 Each sporting with his lassie,
 They roll'd them on the cocks of hay,
 And whipp'd their narsey parsey.
 Dolly's legs were cloath'd in green,
 Below knee ty'd her garter;
 And such a thing there was between,
 Would make your mouth to water:
 There Bess was shewing all she could,
 And Nancy's a-se was bare, Sir;
 And never a p---k there but stood,
 To breach you know where, Sir.
 There might you see the strong-back'd Hall,
 With a-se in nimble motion,
 With ups and downs receiv'd from Doll,
 As she suck'd in the potion;

There

There Tom and Bess were thrusting home,
 And Ned did Nancy ram in ;
 At length the j----e began to come,
 From vigorously cramming.
 There might you see the whites of eyes,
 Like Jack-Daws all a dying ;
 A group of mingled legs and thighs,
 And tails of smocks a flying :
 But listen to what did befall,
 When tongue to tongue was darted.
 There was a stink among them all,
 They kiss'd until they farted,
 The lads and lasses all were pleas'd,
 So well it did besit 'em ;
 Each several pego well was greas'd-----
 Who knows----- they might besht 'em ;
 But whether that was so I trow,
 It is not worth our heeding ;
 They cramm'd their glutton- mouths, you know
 That always would be feeding.

S O N G V I I.

S H A W N B R P I.

AS Damon stray'd through yonder grove,
 In pensive mood far musing,

B 3

He

He there beheld the Queen of Love,
 Her favourite theme perusing ;
 Her breasts they swell'd with heav'y
 And deep oppress'd as can be ;
 And ever and anon she cries,
 ' I die to taste of Shawnbree.

Oft Chloe with her darling swain,
 ' Retreats to shady bowers,
 There quenching love's fierce raging pain,
 ' With bliss beguiles the hours ;
 And Sylvia too does joys possess.
 ' And pleasures great as can be,
 ' For Strephon does her passion bless,
 ' And has her will of Shawnbree.

, O Cupid god of pleasing love,
 If so thou art befriend me :
 O kind'y now my pray'r approve,
 ' And to my aid now send me,
 ' Some sprightly youth that's made to charm,
 ' A maiden warm as can be,
 ' With rapture ev'ry sense alarm,
 ' And let me taste of Shawnbree. "

He person'd then the boy,
 And faith sincere presented,
 with excess of swelling joy,
 Upon the ground she fainted ;

Resolv'd

Resolv'd to yield, what would betide,
 Her legs were wide as could be,
 That Damon slip'd between the stride,
 And let her taste of Shawnbree.
 With eager grasp each other press'd,
 Their melting souls dissolving :
 With twining thighs the hams embrac'd,
 In circling folds revolving——
 With closer squeeze he murm'ring cries,
 ' Push farther, if it can be :
 Then sighing deep, again she dies——
 Such pleasure is in Shawnbree.

S O N G V I I I .

H E L O I S A T O A B E L A R D .

MY dearest of men, since your p—k you have lost
 My desires I've stifled, and my wishes have cross'd,
 And sooner than any man's pego I'd handle,
 I'd play with a d—o, or f—g with a candle.
 My love on my virtue may greatly depend;
 No one in my storehouse shall jelly-drops send;
 Not even the friar who hears me confess,
 With canonical vigour my body shall press.
 Not morning desire, from sleep just awake,
 My strong resolution has power to shake :
 I'll ever be constant and true to my chuck :
 Since you are disabled, with none else I'll f—k :

SONG IX.

ABELARD'S ANSWER.

MY lovely bright chamber, what joy you bestow,
 When your firm resolution you let me to know;
 How happy am I, to think in your c—t,
 Nobody hereafter will have leave for to hunt.
 Since cursed Fulbert, with butchering knife,
 Depriv'd me of what I thought dearer than life,
 How I've been tormented and sadly put to it,
 By longing to f—k when not able to do it.
 Desire remains, although power is fled,
 And wishes are living, though vigour is dead;
 What a terrible thing, with a c—t in one's hand,
 To be quite unable to make a p—k stand.

SONG X.

THERE'S SOMEBODY COMING.

YOUNG Roger threw Margery down on the floor,
 With kissing, and palming, and thumbing;
 For heaven's sake, says Madge, look who's at the door!
 O curse you! there's somebody coming.
 But Roger he vow'd, and he promis'd and pray'd,
 Ah, Roger, you are but a humming;
 I cannot believe you, says she—I'm afraid,
 I'm afraid, that there's somebody coming.

But

But Roger kept hugging, and pressing, and squeezing,
 And at last the fly Rogue fell a drumming;
 Which at last prov'd to Madge so delightfully pleasing,
 She car'd not if old Nick was coming.

S O N G II.

A Burlesque on, " As Kitty beautiful and young "

BET Weeys, of Weatherby's the pride,
 By Bridewell yet untam'd,
 Bespoke Nell Field close by her side,
 With tittle rage inflam'd,
 Inflam'd with rage and sad ill luck
 Which fortune had ordain'd,
 That she could not get one poor f—k,
 While other brimstones reign'd.
 Must Lucy Cooper bear the bell,
 And give herself such airs!
 And that damnation whore of ne'l
 Bes—d by knights and 'squires,
 Has she a better c—t than I,
 With nutt-brown hairs more thick,
 That all mankind for her should die;
 While I have scarce a p——k.
 Come all ye gods be kind to me.
 And grant one p—k in store;
 I'll do my best to please them all,
 What can a girl do more?

Her

Her prayers prevail'd, the gods gave way,
 Betey at heart's desire,
 Obtain'd a p—k that very day,
 That set her c——t on fire.
 Must dirty Peg that strolls the town,
 With barrow full of greens.
 Must she be day and night lie down'
 Whilst I waste out my teens ;
 What has she with me to compare,
 Soft dugs both white and sound:
 I'm thick, pure p'omp, well cleath'd with hair,
 My b--bies hard and round.
 Dear, dearest Will, now go with me,
 Nor leave me till you try :
 I'll give more joy than such as she,
 Or Cupid's victim die,
 Will prompt by her they both lay down,
 And she with full desire,
 Liss' out my dear I die, I swoon,
 And melt in love's fierce fire.

S O N G XII

Plato's Advice burlesqu'd.

SAYS Cleland why should man repine,
 When for a c---t compell'd to stay !
 Why shunneth he the joys of wine,
 To wear the tedious hours away.

Can

b—bies panting up and dowa,
 Can all the charms of beds of down,
 Preserve the soul quite free from care ;
 In time of rapture-giving squeeze,
 The glowing cheek, the sparkling eye ;
 The faulting voice, the trembling knees,
 Please less and on the fancy die ;
 Go wrap thy p———k in these lov'd folds,
 which lately charm'd thee to explore,
 You'll find that these delightful holds,
 By frequent use will charm no more.
 So through the penis flies the s—d,
 Dissolv'd in titillating joys,
 We super-human pleasure bleed,
 But O how soon the pleasure cloy ;
 Then since 'tis so, my buckish blades
 With wine let's reinforce our reins,
 Then f—k whores, widows, wives and maids,
 And spent, again recruit our veins.

S O N G XIII

The JOLLY FISHMONGER

A Jolly young fishmonger liv'd in the Strand,
 As merry a Grig as was known in the land ;
 For when at the Dol'phin they met round the bowl.
 He would drink like a fish, and was reckon'd a Soul
 Derry down, &c. His

His heart that had been for twice fifteen years past,
 As found as a Roach, was he found to be'd at last,
 With an arrow as sharp as a hook, it is said,
 Cupid caught him, and made him in love with a Maid.
 This damsel might then a bright beauty be stil'd,
 Her cheeks were as red as a Lobster when boil'd ;
 Her eyes too, as learned historians remark,
 Shone just like two Whittings when p'ac'd in the dark.
 When he ask'd her the puestion, at first she seem'd coy
 And vow'd that no mortal her Ling should enjoy ;
 And when her soft bosom he offer'd to feel,
 She dabb'd him and slipp'd thro' his hands like an Eel
 At length by entreaty the jade grew so free,
 She'd stroke his fat gills, as she sat on his knee !
 And what too perhaps might seem very odd,
 She always delighted to play with his Cod.
 It happen'd one day in good humour he found her,
 He caught her and laid her as flat as a flounder,
 Then d'd what he pleas'd in a loving embrace !
 Oh ! would you not wish to have been in his Place
 Some months had roll'd on, when the neighbours smelt out
 What Jack and his handmaid had both been about
 They giggled and pointed, would cry out in scorn,
 A Thornback has got a Red herring with spawn.
 Derr down, &c.

S O N G.

SONG, XIV.

JOHN AND SUSAN.

TWAS in the land of Cyder,
 At a place calld Brampton Bryon,
 Such a prank was play'd,
 'Twixt a man and a maid,
 That all the saints cry'd fie on.
 For gentle John and Susan,
 Were oft at recreation :
 To tell the truth,
 This vigorous youth,
 Caus'd a dreadful conflagration.
 Both morning noon and night Sir,
 Brisk John was at her crupper,
 He got in her geers,
 Five times before prayers,
 And six-times after supper.
 John being well provided
 So closly did solace her,
 That Susan's waift,
 So slackly lac'd,
 Shew'd signs of babe of grace Sir,
 Et when the knight perceiv'd.
 That Susan had been sinning,
 And that his lass,
 For want of grace,
 Lov'd kissing more than spinning.

To cleanse the house from scandal,
 And filthy fornication,
 Of all such crimes,
 To shew the times,
 His utter detestation.
 He took both bed and bolster,
 Nay blankets sheets and pillows,
 With Johnny's frock,
 And Susans smock,
 And burnt them in the kiln-house.
 And ev'ry vile utensil
 On which they had been wicked;
 As chairs, joint stools,
 Old trunks, close-dools,
 And eke the three-leg'd cricket.
 But had each thing defiled,
 Been burnt at Brampton Bryon,
 We all must gant,
 The knight would want,
 Himself a bed to lie on.

SONG LV.

THE CRAB - LOUSE.

A Crab Louse I am, from a Crab-Louse I came,
 My parentage always I'll honour,

As a bunter in alley, uncover'd her belly,
 A ling-boy begot me upon her.
 A soldier no wonder, he took me for plunder,
 And carried me over to Flanders;
 He gave me his wife, she to better my life,
 Introduc'd me to all the commanders.
 With a nun I was left, but one morning at thrift,
 A friar took me from my place;
 I stuck to his b——s, true catholic reliques,
 And then turn'd a Crab-Louse of grace.
 I was brought into Rome, on a Cardinal's bum,
 Who was fond of the fundamental grope,
 His master of horse, he us'd to indorse,
 And that master gave me to the Pope.
 From the pope I was drawn by a prelate in lawn;
 With the parson's wife next wa I found;
 She gave me her husband dispatch'd from his waistband
 He sent me the whole parish round.
 A he sat in a barn, his breeches to darn,
 An actor of tragedy found me;
 He snatch'd at his c—ds and swore by the gods
 That he would, aye, that he would drown me.
 But an inn-keeper's wife coming in sav'd my life.
 To her from the buskin I past,
 Behind an old butt, I left her large skutt,
 So I stuck to a tinker at last.

His trull and himself, made too free with some pelf,
 For which justice's whipcord had smote 'em?
 The trull was releas'd, she the magistrate pleas'd,
 So I stuck to the constable's scutum,
 One night on the stole, a lap-dog was stole,
 By a watchman for the sake of the ready;
 From the beeches I stept, to the puppy-dog crept,
 And next morning was convey'd to my lady.
 On her lilly white thigh, 'twas my business to lie
 'Till lap-dog provok'd titillation:
 Then down from her quarter, I'm thrust to her garters,
 'Till dil—e has eas'd inclination.
 So oft dil—e us'd, I'm from head to heel bruise'd,
 Accurs'd be the day I was took in;
 Iv'e no more to speak, but dear ladies forsake
 Your dil——s and fall to fair f——g.

S O N G X V L

T H E O L D W I F E .

WHILE pensive and serious, we think of a wife:
 But if with a woman you'd saddle for life,
 Before take an old one, your case will soon alter,
 You cannot hang long in an old rotten halter.
 Derry down, &c.

Suppose

Suppose you should wed a young beautiful lass,
 Why you'd nearer resemble an ox than an ass:
 For with different ladles her broth must be stir'd,
 And beaux would buzz round her like flies round a
 t—d.

But an old wife's at home always easy and cool,
 And you use her the same as you would a close-stool;
 If you want to evacuate she's still the receiver,
 And when done you may pull up your breeches and
 leave her.

But the devil can't cure a young wife's itching heat,
 If you cram her all night, she'll cry out for more meat;
 Until that she has to a skeleton drain'd you,
 Then Banbury's show-glass will quickly contain you.
 In marrying a young wife you oft catch a tartar,
 Suppose you should quarrel blow for blow she can bar-
 ter;

But if with an old one you are forced to fight,
 Whatever she may claw, she'll have no teeth to bite.
 How pleases the relish of old bottle beer,
 Pounded forth in a tumbler, hoarse, sparkling and clear;
 Take an honest old wife, this parallel case,
 Cork her well, and she'll mantle and smile in your face.
 Derry down, &c.

SONG XVII.

JOHN AND NANCY,

NOW since you ask me for to sing,
 It shall be a new and merry thing :
 By me there lives a servant man,
 That s---s his fellow servant Nan,
 And always does the best he can,
 Whenever he does come to't.

Now it happen'd on a certain day,
 This man and maid must needs go play,
 For John had found out a new way,
 'T was what she little dreamt on ;
 He beckon'd her, up stairs they went,
 Full well she knew fond John's intent,
 That s---k she knew was what he meant,
 Her mind was fully bent on't.

Now I'd have it understood.
 That Nan took salts to purge her blood,
 To make her juices clear and good,
 The girl's to be commended ;
 But curs'd misfortune step'd between,
 Which quite confounds the charming scene,
 You may all wonder what I mean,
 Poor girl did not intend it,

Now

Now this new scene they began to play,
 Her legs o'er fond John's shoulders lay,
 His p--k then was fit to pay,

Poor Nancy's hungry fl--t ;
 She like a butt of humming beer,
 No sooner broacht, than you shall hear,
 Just as he enter'd in her ware,

She smother'd him with sh---t.

O curse confound your nasty breech,
 You nasty, sticking poison bitch.
 By Jove, no more I will you st--h,

So he tipp'd her a--e a fagging ;
 O pray John hear your kneeling lads,
 Before such a thing should come to pass,
 I'll stick a cork into my a--e,

If you'll continue sh---g.

SONG, XVIII.

THE RED PETTICOAT,

AS I was nding by a pig-flye,
 I saw a red pesticoat hanging to dry,
 I pu l'd off my brerches, and hung them hard by,
 To keep this red petticoat company. [they fell,
 But hey ho, hey ho, the wind it did blow, down
 Breeches and petticoat into the well,

Oh says the breeches I shall be duck'd,
 Ay, says the petticoat, I shall be f——d :
 O! how my old grannom will grumble and grunt,
 When she's got never a petticoat to cover her c—t.
 O then, then she must do like my grandmother Eve,
 Cover her c—t with a fig-leaf.

S O N G X I X .

MURDOCH O'PLANEY, and Jenny O'Donnelly
 Both went together to thrash in a barn,
 He laid her down and kiss'd her so warmly,
 Jenny, says he, but I'll do you no harm——
 Oh! then says Jenny,
 I fear you'll be in me;
 By my shoul', says he, I will do you no harm,
 Oh! Murdoch, I'm ready to faint,
 You press me so closely—my dear;
 Quoth he, then by Patrick our saint,
 I'll give you no reason to fear.
 Then with a look so engaging and genteely,
 He to her bosom his hand did apply;
 Both her snowy mountains he touch'd so daintily,
 That with her passion heav'd many a sigh——
 Fainting says Jenny,
 I fear you'll be in me:
 By my shoul', says he, if I don't I shall die,

Murdoch be easy I pray !

Prythee be gone from my sight——

By my soul my virtue gives way,

I'm lost in a flood of delight.

He then leaning her neck thus quivering,

Scarcely resisting his heart could refrain ;

Fearing to anger her, he stood wavering.

But was resolv'd to attack her again :

Then Master O'Murphy,

Pull'd out his shilly,

(A weapon he ne'er shew'd a woman in vain)

Then starting—the open'd her eyes,

And softly she rear'd up her head,

Oh! Murdoch! what is it, she cries,

That looks there so stately and red?

Sweet one, says Murdoch, I'll shew you the use of it?

Gently fall backwards, your legs open wide,

No girl in Munster to try it as you so fit,

If you'll vouchsafe with your hand for to guide ;

Then Miss O'Donnelly,

Strok'd it so boonily,

Arrah, says she, but I'll down with your pride ;

Then closing with eager embrace,

He soon reach'd the end of her joy,

When Jenny now alter'd her case,

No longer was squeamish or coy.

Then with soft rapture, and faint dying murmurings,
Lifeless the slaw, as it were in a trance ;

Eager he drove, but cou'd drive it no further in—

Jenny had so shiver'd the hero's stout lance :

What's that flies Jenny,

That runs so warm in me,

That make all my bowels to caper and prance—

'Tis love's luscious balsam, my dear,

Says Murdoch, the Julap of life,

It's the cordial that banishes care,

And cures the worst scold of a wife.

Murdoch, says she, you shall give me some more of it,

Cordial so fine, I ne'er tasted before,

If you have gallons twice twenty-score of it,

Here is a cellar to lay in a store ;

Then make no denial,

But pull out your phial,

By my shoul, I must, and I will have some more,

Ah! Jenny, you're coaxing me now,

But pr'ythee, my jewel, he said,

Behold poor shelany, I vow,

Ey heav'ns you've bodder'd his head.

SONG XX.

THE BUTTON-HOLE.

I'M a hole, though too narrow when first I am try'd,

Yet the thing I am made for can stretch me out wide:

Tho'

Tho' at the first entrance perhaps I may tease ye,
 Soon after I commonly prove for to please ye :
 I'm long in my shape, and my depth can't be found,
 But when I'm stretch'd open, my form is more round.
 Tho' I'm nothing but mouth, yet no teeth can you find,
 I am chiefly before, tho' I'm sometimes behind ;
 And as for colour if e'er you have seen,
 The whimsical coat of a stage harlequin,
 It's white, and it's red, it's black, and it's brown,
 Not a colour on that but on me may be found :
 Some whimsical fools, who quite bare chuse to have me,
 An act in their favour petition'd there might be :
 Then the king and the state took me into their care,
 And declar'd with one voice, they should chuse me
 with hair.

I was form'd in an instant, but was not complete ;
 There was something still wanting, they found out not
 yet ;

Then the members rose up, all like creatures bewitch'd,
 And cry'd it's worth nothing, if 'tis not well stitch'd,
 To modest folks ears I wou'd give no offence ;
 Tho' the meaning is double, you may draw from hence :
 You may think what you will, but my song's not obscene,
 For 'tis nought but a button-hole, troth that I mean.

[40]
SONG. XXI.

A Burl-sque on, ‘‘ How little do you landsmen know.’’

HOW little do our parents know

What we poor bucks do feel,
When buboes rise, and chordees glow,

But we have y---s of steel;
No danger can affright us,

No bullies ere shall flout;
We’ll make the harlots teach us,
New riggles in and out,

Stick flout to order, jolly mates,
We’ll stand and tip the wink—

Then girls have at your first rates,
Our y---ds they ne’er will shrink;

We’ll rummage all we fancy,
And shove them in by scores,
There’s Moll, and Kate, and Nancy,
Shall st—h in pampadours.

While here at Haddock’s we’re lying,
With a plump’d thigh’d naked whore,

We’ll send our t--d in flying,
And drink ’rack-punch gallere—

In peace we’ll drink and—k, boys,
In war we’ll stand the brunt;

Here’s a health to that good thing, boys,
Which mortals call a-c—t.

SONG

SONG XXII.]

The courtship true,
 'Tween Bill and Sue ;
 A BURLESQUE on
 " The marriage pretty,
 "'Tween John and Betty.

THE marriage pretty,
 'Tween John and Betty,
 'Twill please us ever ;

And Pope and Gay,
 Alive, would say,
 'Tis vastly clever.

With much ado,
 I've wrote one too,
 As good a ditty ;
 Which, when you read,
 You'll own indeed,
 Is vastly witty.

The other day,
 Upon the way,
 Sue met with Billy ;
 Come kiss, he cry'd,
 But she reply'd,
 'Tis vastly filly.

He talk'd of hearts,
 Of flames and darts,
 And little Cupid,
 She turn'd her head,
 And frowning said,
 'Tis vast y stupid,
 But when he found,
 He ne'er ga nd ground,
 And she look'd scornful ;
 He drew a knife,
 To end his life,
 'Twas vastly mournful.
 Then Susan ran,
 All pale and wan,
 Her pity proving ;
 To see them trace,
 Each other's face,
 'Twas vastly moving.
 Oh ! Bill . says she,
 Since you love me,
 I'll ne'er look coolish !
 But for to go,
 And fright me so,
 'Twas vastly foolish,

Without

Without more fuss,
 They then did buss,
 As sweet as honey ;
 And then were wed,
 And when in bed,
 'Twas vastly funny.

Ye lovers all,
 Both short and tall,
 From them take warning :
 For now they play,
 Their time away,
 All night and morning,

S O N G XXIII.

T H E N E W R O L L I N G - P I N ,

A Popish old dame to her hand-maid thus cry'd,
 Now Christmas is coming, wench we must provide
 Then early to-morrow I'd have you begin,
 To work very hard with the New Rolling-Pin.
 This buxom young damsel, as fame doth report,
 Though seemingly virtuous, was fond of the sport,
 And at puddings and pies the prize she might win,
 So dextrous was Doll at the New Rolling-Pin.
 Father Letcher, a monk, of the Franciscan class,
 Who lov'd carnal worship much better than mass ;
 With

With true gallic freedom, unbidden, came in,
To eat up the fruit of the New Rolling-Pin.
To the kitchen then hied this sanctified sinner,^s
Where Doll was preparing the patty for dinner :
And cying her o'er, child, says he with a grin,
I see you can hand'e a good Rolling-Pin.
Then down on the dresser young Dolly he laid,
And having, with rapture, lov's altar survey'd ;
The flesh and the devil prevail'd over sin,
He kneaded her dough with his own Rolling-Pin.

S O N G XXIV.

DUMB GLUTTON.

Tune, "Shawnbree."

AS Roger one day was courting of Bess,
 She told him his tale it was moving;
 Then kiss'd him and cry'd sure you never will love me less
 Nor like other swains always roving.
 When fix'd with her charms, he flew to her arms,
 And breeches began to unbutton;
 And boldly he swore, he would love her much more
 Nay! he swore he would cram her dumb glutton,
 The grass it was green, and 'twas under a shade
 And Roger that never was saving,

He then quickly tuck'd up the geer of the maid,
 To satisfy that which was craving.
 Some mouths they are fed with butter and bread,
 And others with beef, veal, and mutton;
 But Roger lugg'd out a long pudding and flout,
 And he crammi'd it into her dumb glutton.
 The girl she was mightily pleas'd with the food,
 And quickly the same she devour'd;
 And Roger whose courage was commonly good,
 Yet alas! he was now prov'd a coward.
 For the stock it was spent, and the fair not content,
 When a languishing look she soon put on,
 Bid him once to try, for to satisfy,
 Her hungry and greedy dumb glutton.
 Provok'd with her beauty attempting the lay.
 Young Roger he burnt with desire,
 As she look'd all lovely as flowers in May,
 He grew stiffer, and boldly drew nigh her,
 Like a general beat, or one forc'd to retreat,
 But reinforcing again dare to strut on,
 And rather than fly, he would conquer or die,
 So he threaten'd poor Betty's dumb glutton,
 He sallied once more, being willing to please,
 And bravely she held out the combat:
 While nimbly she mov'd, yet he begg'd on his knees;
 But alas! she had presently done for't—

'Twas

'Twas now all in vain, for he could not again,
 It was now dwindled into a burton !
 When he put up his tool, he look'd like a fool,
 Being beat by poor Betfy's dumb glutton,

SONG XXV.

A LOVE SONG IN LOW LIFE.

BY the side of a green stagnate pool,
 Brick dust Nan was scratching her head,
 Her matted locks frizzled her skull,
 As bristles the hedge hog bespread ;
 The wind tof'd her tatters abroad.
 Her ashen brown beauties reveal'd ;
 A link-boy to her through the mud.
 Bare-footed scamp'd over the field.
 O my love, though I cannot wear a jaw,
 This plover at playfoul began,
 No toad so sweet to the chace,
 As to kiss, is the lips of my Nan.
 O my love, cries the mud coloured she
 And gave him a rib-squeezing hug,
 I'd sleep in a cellar with thee,
 With a blood-sucking bug.
 Full as black as themselves now the sky,
 To the south of the horizon lower'd

Ther

Their wedding to keep in the dry.
 To a stable they hastily scour'd ;
 While rats round them hungry explor'd,
 Undaunted they took their repose :
 All night in the litter they snor'd,
 And wak'd the next morning to louse.

SONG XXVI.

THE WAGGONER.

AS I was a driving my waggon one day,
 I met a young damsel, tight, buxom, and gay ;
 I kindly accosted her with a low bow,
 And I felt my whole body I cannot tell how.
 Ge ho, Dobbin ! hi, ho, Dobbin ! ge, ho,
 Dobbin ! hi, ho.

I longed to be at her, and gave her a kiss,
 She thought me but civil, nor took it amiss ;
 I knew no recalling the minutes were past,
 So began to make hay while the sun shine did last.
 Ge, ho, Dobbin, &c.

I have six-score of sheep, and each ram has his ewe,
 And my cows when they lack to the parson's bull go ;
 We're made for each other, I pry'thee comply
 She blush'd, her eyes twinkled, she could not tell why,
 Ah, poor Jenny ! fearful Jenny ! ah ! poor
 Jenny ! hi, ho. I kiss'd

I kiss'd her again, she reply'd with disdain,
 No kisses I want, prythee take them again,
 Then whisper'd me softly—the weather was hot,
 And her mind run on something she could not tell what

Ah, poor Jenny!

Then down in my waggon this damsel I laid,
 But still I kept driving—for drivings my trade,
 I rumpled her feathers, I tickled her seat,
 And I played the round rubbers at two handed put.

Well put, Roger! well put Jenny! well put
 Roger! hi, ho.

Her breasts were as soft and as white as new cream,
 And her motion kept pace with the bells of my team;
 When her bobbies was up, her plump b—s went down,
 And the wheels seem'd to stand & the waggon go round.

O brave Roger! drive on Roger! O brave
 Roger! &c.

Thus to and again to our pastime we went,
 And my cards I play'd fairly to Jennys content;
 I work'd at her pump till the sucker grew dry,
 And then I left pumping a good reason why.

Ah, poor Roger, broken-back'd Roger! ge,
 ho, Roger! hi, ho.

I thought ere we parted to've had t'other blow,
 When slap went my waggon wheel into a slough.

Which

Which shattered her premises out of repair,
 And Roger's pump handle ran the devil knows where.
 Ah, poor Roger! flimsy Roger! Ge, ho.
 Roger! hi, ho.

S O N G XXVII.

ON THE PETTICOAT-RULE.

WHEN first procreation began,
 Ere forms interrupted the bliss,
 Each woman might love any man,
 Each man any woman might kiss.
 The youth who beheld a plump lass;
 Declar'd in a few words his request!
 Nor whin'd like an amorous ass,
 Nor ever departed unbliss'd.
 The girl who was ripe for the game,
 Look'd out for a sizeable Lad
 Then frankly discover'd her flame,
 And what she demanded she had.
 But while they revell'd at large,
 And bantlings increas'd in their kind,
 The mother still bore all the charge,
 The father what mortal could find?
 So when great Semarimas rejoin'd,
 And women repin'd at their lot,

D

The

he Queen matrimony ordain'd,
 That each might maintain what they got.
 While under the petticoat rule,
 The men they were obliged to submit;
 The wife went broad, and the fool
 Still own'd all that came to his net.
 The men on this system confind,
 They granted the union for life,
 But made (their choice spouses to bind)
 The husband the head of the wife.
 Tradition establish'd the cheat :
 Tradition makes all things divine !
 It awed the dull crowd, but the great
 What precept could ever confine ?
 The sacred law-givers, of yore,
 And all the old sages of Greece,
 Cou'd still dispense with a score,
 Though others had but one a-piece.
 Twas thought for the good of mankind ;
 So it to the canons it pass'd,
 The mob will for ever be blind,
 And therefore tis likely to last.
 Still may the decrees of the state,
 Impose on an ignorant realm ;
 Let us our own charter create,
 And do as they do at the helm.

When

When one has the beauty to charm,
 And t'other the manhood to please;
 In love can there be any harm,
 Arising from motives like these?

S O N G XXVIII.

T R I S T R A M S H A N D Y.

D I D you ever read a book call'd Tristram Shandy
 Ma'am?

If not, look into it quickly, I pray
 His precepts are sweeter far than sugar-candy Mam',
 'Twould do you good to taste his cards and whey.

There's Miss O'Donnelly,
 Likes him so bonnily,

Swears that with him she ever could play;
 She takes him each night to her bed,

And cries, that with her he shall lay;
 For none but dear Shandy, she said,
 Should dance upon her cover'd way.

He tells you a story about his Ovunculus,
 So droll, that no maid can help grinning at him;
 And he runs on, Ma'am, about his Homunculus,
 Poor Uncle Toby, and Corporal Trim;

And queer Doctor Stop,
 Who his Head in does pop,
 With a Dalmahoy wig, and a countenance plain.

At which Uncle Toby laugh'd out,
 At the Doctor's queer Dutch-bottom arse;
 And said, Mother Shandy would pout,
 If a man came so near her * * * *.
 He tells you, Ma'am, in the act of coition,
 His mother had like all the sport to have spoil'd;
 For she interrupts him in the midst of fruition,
 With a question that none would have ask'd but a child.
 And while his strong motion,
 Was pouring the lotion,
 That would all the sorrow of life have beguil'd;
 She ask'd him a question so odd
 As ne'er gave a man such a shock:
 And cried, while she tickled his c—d,
 My dear: my dear, have you wound up the clock?
 Lord bless me! said he, why a speech so uncommon,
 As damps the warm animal flow of my bliss:
 'Tis past all enduring: Did ever a woman
 So check a man's heat in an action like this:
 Lie still and be quiet,
 And make no more riot,
 But squeeze me, and give me a languishing kiss;
 O there, my dear, wriggle your tail,
 And finely your furrows I'll plow,
 Well moved! That's as nice as my nail,
 There, there, 'tis coming now, now.

These

These Shandy's sentiments are not all novel, Ma'am,
 Men of experience May call them far fetch':
 Oft have I had them in garrat and hovel, Ma'am,
 'Tis what is usual with girls full of leech:
 Why there's Eagle-Court Sally,
 When Jack's in her alley,
 And pouring his gravy all in her dish,
 Cries when shall I have some new mobs;
 At which Mr. Jackey cries pish;
 And while his Homunculus throbs,
 She cries, what's the price now of fish.
 Whene'er your husband lies over your belly, Ma'am,
 Take special care, and mind what you're about,
 Lest you may stop up his river of Jelly, Ma'am,
 How then shall th' Homunculus paddle out?
 O humour his motion,
 And suck in the potion:
 His mettlesome squirt shall white-wash each bout,
 And while he in am'rous pin,
 At love's door gives the conjugal knock,
 Rise up, and at once let him in,
 Nor think about winding the clock.

SONG XXIX.

FREE-MASONS SONG.

COME let us prepare,
 We Brothers that are

Assembled on merry occasion ;
 Let's drink, laugh, and sing,
 Our wine has a spring ;
 Here's a health to an Accepted Mason.
 Let's drink, &c.
 The world is in pain
 Our secrets to gain,
 And still let them wonder and gaze on ;
 They ne'er can divine
 The word and the sign
 Of a Free and Accepted Mason.
 They ne'er, &c.
 'Tis this, and 'tis that,
 They cannot tell what,
 hy so many great men in the nation,
 Should aprons put on
 To make themselves one
 With a Free and an Accepted Mason.
 Should aprons, &c.
 Great kings, dukes and lords,
 Have laid down their swords,
 Our myst'ry to make a good grace on ;
 And ne'er be asham'd
 To hear themselves nam'd
 With a Free and an Accepted Mason.
 And ne'er, &c.

Antiquitis pride,
 We have on our side,
 And maketh men just in their station;
 There's nought but what's good
 To be understood,
 By a Free and an Accepted Mason.
 There's nought, &c.
 Then join hand in hand,
 To each other firm stand,
 Let's be merry and put a bright face on;
 What mortal can boast,
 So noble a toast
 As a Free and an Accepted Mason.
 What mortal, &c.

The following verse is always sung in lodges, between
 the fifth and sixth verses.

We're true and sincere,
 And just to the Fair,
 Who will trust us on every occasion;
 No mortal can more
 The Ladies adore,
 Than a Free and an Accepted Mason.
 No mortal, &c.

SONG XXX.
 LOVELY SALLY.

A Charming girl there lives in town,
 Not far from Covent-Garden,

Were I worth twenty thousand pound,
 She should have every farthing;
 While she proves kind, my constant mind,
 No other thought shall harbour:
 Upon my soul, without controul,
 I think she's just the barber.
 The lilly, and the damask rose,
 Are both combin'd together;
 Their colours on their cheeks disclose,
 In spite of any weather;
 Her breasts heave high, with rolling eye,
 She's quite the thing I'd have her;
 Were you to see above above her knee,
 You'd swear she was the shaver.
 Her taper fingers whiter are
 Than snow-drops in the valley:
 No other damsel can compare
 With charming, lovely Sally.
 So neat her dress, I must confess
 No quaker can be primmer:
 Her charming tongue, so well is hung,
 I'm sure she is the trimmer.
 Her locks, which are as jetty black,
 Hang curling on her shoulders;
 And when she lies upon her back
 Astonish all beholders.

Her c—t will stand the brunt,
 No bear skin can be rougher :
 If by the bie, with her you lie.
 She'll soon make you the puffer.

If any one should want to know
 The girl that's here intended,
 To Bridges-street they need but go,
 They there will be befriended :
 The Sign's three hairs, one pair of stairs,
 'Tis truth depend upon't Sins :
 She's clean and nice, a crown's the price
 To f—k this female tonfor.

S O N G XXXI.

Tune. " Heigh ho!" in the Entertainment of
 THOMAS AND SALLY.

I Sing of a damsel just turn'd of fifteen,
 Who long has been plagued with a sickness call'd green
 And oft to the doctor would go :
 Who gave his steel pill, but no service could do:
 She ever kept sighing—Heigh ho !

A shepherd that lived in a neighbouring cot,
 Who had of his parents a remedy got.
 To see the young damsel would go ;
 And to her the phial of drops he did shew,
 For which she had been sighing—Heigh ho !

With looks pale as death, on a couch she was laid,
He press'd her to taste—she at first seem'd afraid ;

Yet she lik'd the sight on't, I know :

He press'd her to taste—for few drops would do,
To cure her of sighing—Heigh ho !

At length in her hand she the phial did take,
And then from the bottom the liquor did shake,

And soon fell a sucking it so

That the youth was afraid she would ne'er let it go,
And he at each drop cry'd—Heigh ho !

The liquor was life, so must needs give her joy,
The phial was pretty, the taste ne'er could cloy ;

The damsel got quickly so so—

But never to bed without these drops she'd go,
Which cur'd her of sighing—Heigh ho !

S O N G XXXII.

Tune of, “ When I was a young man I sat in the parlour ”

THE girls of Kilkenny, so luxum and frisky,
Would oftentimes treat me with claret and whisky
Because I could dance, sing and so oai y,
And my heart was as stout as the heart of Shilaley,
But Cupid the blinkek, that arch mischief-maker,
For Ruggedy Madge caus'd my bowels to quakn, Sir,
Oh ! Ruggedy Madge was the fair creature's name S
For whom my poor bosom was all in a flame, Sir.

But

But oh when I came to address and adore her,
 I tumbled down backwards, strait forwards before, Sir ?
 Sweet creature said I, can you fancy a lover,
 That now will conceal, what he now will discover ?
 But she with her looks and her tongue 'gan to jeer me
 And shutting her eyes, was resolved not to hear me.
 Struck dumb with this usage, said I, you false creature,
 You'll meet with your match sooner or later.
 Then all you young lovers, by me take warning,
 And pay no regard to there frowning and scowling :
 So boldly resolve to be buxom and jolly,
 For it magnifies nothing to die melancholy ;
 Then when you are dead they will sit at you wit laughter
 And call you a fool all your life ever after.

S O N G XXXIII.

R O G E R A N D P E G G Y.

GOODY Jones had oft perceiv'd,
 Her daughter Peg complaining ;
 Her hair hung loose, her stays unlac'd—
 She long'd to know the meaning !
 Says she, dear daughter what's the cause
 Of all your sighs and wailings ;
 Come tell me truly how it is ;
 And how and where's your ailing !
 Tal, lal, &c.

Oh ;

Oh ! mother, I will tell you now,
 What 't's so long has griev'd me ;
 Young Roger has, for all his vows,
 I fear at length deceiv'd me :
 He told me all the finest things !
 His talking did so charm me ;
 And when he got me in the bairn,
 He swore he would not harm me.
 The mother soon found out what 't'was
 That made poor Peg uneasy :
 She wrung her hands, and stamp'd and tore
 As if she had been crazy ;
 She on her belly laid her hand,
 And found it hard and swelling—
 You slut, yon forward jade, says she
 Your ruin needs no telling.
 Oh ! mother pray forgive my fault,
 He promis'd me so fairly,
 He'd marry me if I'd comply,
 And swore it too, sincerely :
 He look'd so neat, and kiss'd so sweet,
 'Twas all in vain dissembling !
 I could not stop his eager hand,
 I was seiz'd with such a trembling,

Oh ;

Oh lack that ever I was born,
 You surely might have stopp'd him :
 I would have pinch'd his impudence——
 And held and soundly flapp'd him,
 The thoughts of being got with child,
 You jade, might surely shame you,
 But tell me truly how it was,
 And where he overcame you.
 Why, in the hay loft first it was,
 As one day we were playing,
 He laid me down, I dreamt no harm,
 For so long we were laying ;
 But soon he turn'd me on my back,
 And fiercely got upon me ?
 And when 'twas in such pain I felt,
 I swore he had undone me,
 But not content with the first time,
 Ere yet he scarce had ended,
 Again unable to resist,
 My willing legs extended——
 And then it was I do believe,
 As caus'd my belly's rising.
 For nature will be nature still,
 In spite of all advising

SONG

(62)
S O N G XXXIV.

JENNY CODS
What's the odds ;

But my dear I hump you
On this dining table——
With two chairs to enable ;——

HE. Do not bawl,

SHE. Faith I shall ;

HE. Indeed you shan't, my deary.

SHE. It is my desire

That you do relire,

Or the maids will hear you——

Oh ! you teaze——

Can't you be easy ;

Lud I'll squeak :

My back you'll break.

Pray now give over,

Tho' you are a rover,

You shall be my Lover——

My word I will not break.

HE, Do not bawl, &c.

O my dear,

Do not fear,

No one has yet heard you——

Give

Give me the pleasure———
 To enjoy the treasure———
 I from harm will guard you.

Pray consent's
 Come relent,
 The time's so apropos———
 This critical minute,
 Do not lose, but win it———
 Consent my deary, do.

SHE- 'Tis all a folly ;
 I'll call up Molly
 Lud my dear,
 I can't bear,
 What are you a doing ;
 I feel my heart a panting,
 I am just a fainting ——
 Fear you'll prove my ruin
 HE. O my dear &c.

ON G XXXV.
 L I T T L E B L A C K T H I N G .

Y E nymphs and ye swains that tip the gay plains,
 Come listen a while to my sorrowful strains :
 Oh ! hear me with pity, no trifle I sing.
 'Tis no less than the loss of my Little Black Thing.

At cards as I sat with my friends t'other day,
 To banish dull vapours, and drive spleen away.
 Young Colin, as frisky as birds in the spring,
 Sat toying the while with my Little Black Thing.
 On me his fly looks were most constantly bent,
 To gaze on my bauble for ever intent:
 Topsy-turvy his eyes he would frequently fling,
 While he roguishly handled my Little Black Thing.
 I dreamt of no mischief, but let him enjoy,
 The innocent pleasure to play with my toy;
 But when that his humour was left to the swing,
 He would more than have play'd with my Little Black
 Thing.

He said, my dear jewel, your charm I entreat;
 Be kind, I will fall like a lamb at your feet;
 Oh! grant me, he cry'd, while round you I cling,
 One minute's possession of your Little Black Thing.
 I frown'd, and cry'd no, but as well might comply:
 For he would obtain what I did him deny;
 The rest of my story, oh! how shall I sing,
 In a word, he has rifled my Little Black Thing.

SONG XXXVI.

FAIR OLINDA.

AS fair Olinda fitting was,
 Beneath a shady tree,

Much

Much love I did profess to her,
 And she the like to me ;
 But when I kiss'd her lovely lips,
 And press'd her to be kind:
 She cry'd, oh! no, but I remember,
 Womens words are wind.
 I hugg'd her till her breath grew short,
 Then farther did intrude :
 She scratch'd and struggl'd modestly,
 And told me I was rude :
 I begg'd her pardon twenty times,
 And some concern did feign ;
 But like a bold presumptuous sinner,
 I did the like again.
 At last I did by dalliance raise
 The pretty nymph's desire ;
 Our inclinations equal were,
 And mutual was our fire.
 Then, in the height of joy, she cry'd,
 Oh ! i'm undone, i fear ;
 Oh ! kill me, stick me, stick me.
 Kill me, kill me, quite my dear.

SONG XXXV.

OUT UPON YOU, FIE.

ONE night as I lay musing,
 I heard a woman call----

E

I stepp'd

I stepp'd out of bed, and laid my head
 So close against the wall;
 I had not listen'd long,
 Before I heard her cry.-----
 O Lord! G--d 'scuse ye!
 Out upon you, fie.
 I peep'd through a crevice
 Where there I did espy,
 In the next room, adjoining to,
 A charming creature lie,
 With her enamour'd swain;
 O push---then, she did cry;
 O Lord! G----d 'scuse ye!
 Out upon you, fie!
 He rouz'd her, he touz'd her;
 He laid her legs at large-----
 And when he had made it stand,
 He clapp'd it to the charge-----
 But all that she did cry.
 Was, Lord! I shall die!
 Die! die!-----
 Out upon you, fie!
 O! fie upon you, Roger,
 What a towzer is there!
 For little does my mother think,
 That ysu have got so near:

But I will call my mother,
 As loud as I can cry :
 Mother! mother!
 One inch farther,
 Out upon you, fie!

SONG XXXVIII.

HE DID BEFORE MY FACE.

THE rising Sun, had just begun
 To streak the eastern sky,
 When as I trod the flow'ry road,
 A swain came list'ning by :
 We long had lov'd, both each approv'd
 Sometimes has run love's race ;
 He begg'd the bliss, and stole a kiss ;
 He did, before my face :
 He not content, now what he meant
 I plainly did foresee ;
 One hand he press'd upon my breast,
 And t'other on my knee :
 Now grown more bold, he catches hold
 fast in another place ;
 Then fancy Jack got to my smock,
 He did before my face.

Now on the ground, where daisies round,
 Had deck'd the painted bed,
 Midst flow'ry pride, extended wide,
 I at full length was laid:
 The fiery boy, burnt with fierce joy,
 Soon gave the close embrace!
 Gainst Hymen's laws, love's weapon draws,
 He did before my face.
 The youth ne'er teas'd, the sport well pleas'd,
 He oft repeats the same,
 All ways we try to satisfy,
 And quench the raging flame:
 Now wrapt in bliss with ev'ry bliss!
 Enjoyment's lab'rinth trace;
 Tir'd with love's play, he died away,---
 He did, before my face.
 With fond caress, we to excess
 In mutual transports lay---
 No more love's fire could raise desire,
 The youth his fears betray;
 He could, sad swain, no more attain,
 He was in doleful case,
 He'd done his best, and for the rest,
 Poor Jack he hung an a---e.

SONG

SONG XXXIX.

The FROLICKSOM SPARK.

AS I chanc'd to be roving one night in the dark,
 I was met on the green by a Frolicksome Spark;
 He kiss'd me and press'd me and call'd me his dear,
 Talk'd of rapture and flames, and of passions sincere;
 To his tale I attended determined to know,
 To what height his assurance could possibly go.
 Round my neck like the ivy, he folded his arms,
 Each feature commended, and dwelt on my charms;
 In transport he usher'd his hands to my breast,
 With the swell of disdain repuls'd the bold guest;
 Tho' I own (to my shame) I was eager to know,
 How far his assurance could possibly go.
 From my round taper leg to the top of my knees,
 As if loth to offend me, he stole by degrees,
 By my patience convinc'd, he shou'd meet no rebuff
 He advanc'd and advanc'd till he found something rough
 Yet I bore it resolv'd ere we parted to know.
 To what height his assurance could possibly go.
 O'er my head the rude monster my petticoats cast,
 And each delicate member laid bare to my waist;
 To my arms then he flew like a bird to his nest,
 And he modestly hinders my telling the rest;
 But I found (what I often wanted to know)
 How far a young fellows assurance could go.

M O L L S P R I G G I N S.

TO the hundreds of Drury I write,
 And the rest of my flashy companions ;
To the buttocks that pad it all night
 To pimps whores bawds and their stallions-
To those who are down in the wit
 Rattling iheir darbies with pleasure,
 Who laugh at the rum culls they've bit,
 And now they are snacking the treasure.
This time I expect to be nubb'd,
 My duds they grow wondrous seedy,
 I pray you now send me some bub,
 A bottle or two to the needy ;
 I beg you wont bring it yourself,
 The harman is at the Old-Bailey ;
 I'd rather you'd send it by half,
 For if they twigg you they'll nail ye-
 Moll Spriggins came here t'other night,
 She tipp'd us a jorum of diddle,
 Garnish is the prisoner: delight,
 We footed away to the fiddle ;
 Her fortune at diving did fail,
 For which she has chang'd habitation ;
 But now the whore pads it in jail,
 And laughs at the fools of the nation.

This

This time I expect no reprieve,
 The sheriff's come down with his warrants:
 An account now behind us we leave,
 Of our birth education and parents:
 Our bolts are knock'd off in the whit,
 Our friends to die penitent pray us,
 The nubbing culls pops from the pit,
 And into the tumbril conveys us.
 Through the streets our slow wheels do move—
 The toll of the death-bell dismay us,
 With nossegays we're deck'd and with gloves,
 So trim and so gay they array us,
 The passage all crouded we see,
 With maidens that move us to pity,
 Our air all admiring agree,
 Such lads are not left in the city.
 O then to the tree I must go,
 The judge hath so order'd my sentence:
 And then comes the gownsmen you know,
 And tells a dull tale of repentance:
 By the gullet we're ty'd very tight,
 We beg all spectators pray for us,
 Our peepers are hid from the light,
 The tumbril shoves off then we moine.

(72)
SONG XLI.

OLD WOMAN of GRIMSTONE

I'LL sing you a song, that's not very long,
But of an old woman at Grimstone!
Whose husband ne'er gave, what she often did crave,
And therefore she would have him stone.
Then quoth the old man I'll do what I can,
To be ston'd I ne'er can endure it,
Then if you'd have more I prythee turn whore,
And away to the parson or curate.
The dame she was glad, when this licence she had,
And away to the parson she run,
Her secret she told, and her legs did unfold,
And her business was nobly done,
Says the dame you'll have luck, if you prencas you f--k
With equall force and energy,
Archbishop pou'll be, or ne'er believe me.
For indeed you'r the top of the clergy.

SONG XLII.

WAGTAIL JOHNNY.

I Love my lad the best of all,
He's ever blithe and bonny,
He gives me many a wanton fall,
His name is Wagtail Johnny.

When

When'er he please, he shall be free,
 He does the thing so gentle ;
 And for the fl—t above my knee,
 He calls it goble p——.

I'm sure we've gone, don't think it a hum,
 Though all the wriggling fancy
 All ways we've try'd, with moving bum,
 I'm sure you no more can say ;
 Blest with each grace, and free from flaw,
 I have a delicate fine skin !
 Besides a thing will squeeze a straw ;
 Nay more 'twill swallow a nine-pin.

I'll tell the thing I'm pleas'd withall,
 But don'd think I'm a joker,
 Be sure at first it made me squall,
 'Twas stiff as any poker.

But so repeated e'er since then
 I never let a day roll,
 But I'm conversant with my John,
 And now 'twill take a may-pole.

Though many are the ways to please,
 Which love finds out fortoying ;
 I love my Johnny on his knees,
 When we are close enjoying.

One way he does, he loves no more,—
 When he love's mine would plunder,
 And boldly knock at nature's door,
 I always now knock under.

S O N G XLIII.

A Burlesque on "In infancy our hopes and fears."

I N infancy my grot was small
 No flowers border'd there ;
 Nor to adorn this little hall,
 Did one bright stone appear ;
 No grass was seen on either side,
 No seed had then been sown ;
 But now the spot is beautified,
 And pav'd with precious stone.
 Now all around a flow'ry bed,
 Gives luster to the scene :
 And curling tendrils lend their aid,
 To shelter those within :
 A stream right through the centre runs,
 To wash off ev'ry stain,
 And those that bathe therein but once,
 Shall wish to bathe again.

S O N G.

(75)
SONG XLIV.

A Burlesque on the Song called " Flirtation."

W H Y should men ever wonder,
That the ladies so fond are,
Of novels, of plays, and romances ;
Since in them they discern,
And What well suits with their turn,
something that tickles their fancies ;
So where ever they go,
Or to church or to show,
To gardens, or concerts, or dances ;
Still in ev'ry adventure,
Their desires all centre,
In that which may tickle their fancies.
If you'd win a coquet.
You must swear lie and prate,
And say to her all that you can say,
Then with well pointed flat'ry,
You may raise up a bat'ry,
That surely will tickle her fancy.
Wou'd you ere win a prude,
You won't fail to be rude,
Though she your behaviour may gainsay :
You will surely o'ercome,
If you push the point home,
And certainly tickle their fancy.

Would:

Would you e'er make a prey,
 Of a widow so gay,
 With strength, and with vigour advance ye :
 But be sure you dont flinch,
 Or even spare her an inch
 Of that which will tickle her fancy.
 Would you ever invade,
 The religious maid,
 Who scorns ever what wicked men say
 She will yield when she sees,
 You once drop on your knees,
 Devoutly to tickle her fancy,
 Then no longer like dastards.
 Fear clap pox or bastards
 Or heed fortunes changes and chances ;
 For whene'er you men linger,
 With the help of a finger,
 They surely will tickle their fancies.

SONG, XLV.

To the tune of " The Rogue's March."

HE.

THOU d—d whore come lay on thy back,
 I have a rousing p—k, that will make thy c—t
 sto crack, I have

I have a rousing p—k, like thunder,
It will raise the utmost wonder,
It will make thee to knock under,

Thou d—d whore.

S H E.

Thou d—d rogue come on, and do thy worst,
My c—t ne'er minds thy braggings, nor thy thrust;
For although 'tis young and simple,
It will sooner draw thy p—e;
It will make it soft and gentle:

Thou d—d rogue.

H E.

Then b——s stand to it, and be not ere controul'd,
But enter the breach like any soldier bold;
D—n her f—k her till she wheezes;
F—k her till she, farts and sneeze;
D—n her drive her to pieces,

Thou d—d whore!

SONG. XLVI.

TO sing of the noble Gaster,
Who liv'd in the town of Sardin
He always lov'd a pretty girl,
But he hated dice and carding.

He often court d ladies,
 And in his sport was lucky;
 His compliments were always.
 Fair ladies shall I f—k, ye?
 He f—d the goddess Juno,
 And sp'it her c—t afunder;
 And with his t—e he fir'd her arse,
 And he work'd the whole world's wonder.
 Her lips were as red as cherries,
 Her eyes were as black as charcoal;
 Her c—t was sick, she pox'd his p—k,
 And fir'd all his a—e hole.
 When his p—k would stand no longer,
 And was both weak and limber,
 Because that he would be doing good,
 He f—d her with his finger.

S O N G XLVH.

THE P E A - C A R T.

W H E N Phœbus shone both warm and bright,
 And roses they were blowing,
 Early one morning Tom told Pat,
 That he to town was going;
 Therefore says he, I'll call on thee,
 Because you are my sweetheart,
 To take a ride along with me,
 To London in my Pea-Cart.

With

With all my heart the nymph reply'd,

I vow I go with pleasure.

I long with Tom to take a rile,

And help him for to measure.

The team set too, full trot they go,

And Pat gave Tom such glances.

Which taught the youth full well to know

What might please both their fancies.

A rouncifer's a spending pea,

And Tommy let me tell ye,

'Tis fitting for a family,

Because it fills one's belly;

Tom took the hint, but lest the cart

Should stop ere he should plump her,

He smack'd his whip to lose no time,

Crying, Ge ho, Ball and Thumper.

What they were at, we all may guess,

They on to town were moving,

And in the most extatic bliss,

The time they were improving.

At what come next, I thought that I

Should laugh until I burst O;

While 'Now I am coming,' Tom didery,

She said, then 'heap and thrust oh!

That job being done, both panting lay,

And each seem'd somewhat easy;

Says

Says Tom, my girl, I thought that I
 Could find a way to please you :
 Aye so you can, but what of that,
 Although you are plump and jolly,
 I'll warrant that my marrow-fat,
 Can match your ioly-poly,
 Tom scratch'd his head, and vow'd that he,
 Wou'd soon give her her bastings ;
 If she would but contented be,
 Till he had sold his bastings ;
 She cram'd them in so tight good lack,
 Regardless of the owner,
 Cry'd half a bushel for a peck,
 For to get done the sooner.

S O N G XLVIII.

COME all you young lovers, I pray you attend ;
 Come listen with patience to what I have penn'd ;
 You always will find me a stiff standing friend,
 Well furnish'd with courage, at all times to spend
 In your balinamora and ora, a maid, wife or widow,
 for me.
 I'm a lusty young barber from a country town,
 In country or city I'm very well known ;

When,

When I meet with a fair maid that's making her moan,
I always am ready to lend her my hone,

Torubherbalinamora, the carling her whiskers for me.

As I was a riding one morning in May,

I met a fair daisie, tight, buxom and gay;

I rode to her, cause I was going astray,

And begg'd her assistance to shew me the way,

To rub her, &c. and the hunting her budger for me.

You see 'tween my legs here my one-ey'd bald nag,

Ride him single, or double, he never will flag;

He's as brisk as a bee, and as swift as a stag;

And the maids in the country all love him to flag,

For he thumps, &c. and the jerk of her hampers for me.

If your nag is glander'd, I'll put him in the pound,

For daring to offer to come on my ground,

To infect my black mare, that's so plump and so round;

There's no one must enter but what's safe and sound,

In the gate of my, &c. a clever young fellow for me.

She view'd my bald nag, then gave me a glance,

Saying, Sir, you are welcome, with sweet comp'aisance;

He's as sound as a trout, and as strait as a lance,

When she handled him, he began for to prance,

To be at her, &c. and the tickling her—for me.

Then down on the grass this fair maid she lies,

And languishing glances stole from her bright eyes:

She said, smiling, Sir, your's is of a fine size,

Then pay well my bubbles first, that you may well rise,

For the sake of, &c. and a-clap of the haunches for me.
 I paid it away, with both vigour and rig,
 Till I made her squeak out like a stuck Guiney-pig;
 Oh! dear Sir, I beg that you'd leave off this jig,
 For I vow and protest you have bother'd the gig
 Of my balinamona ora, and the skinning her—for me.

Next came an old hag, not a tooth in her gum,
 She pulled out a purse, and offer'd a sum
 For the curling her whiskers and tickling her bum;
 I pull'd my line and began for to plumb
 The depth of her, &c. but the devil a bottom for me

Indeed, Sir, says she you play sweetly this flute,
 You ravish my sense, though your instrument's mute;
 Before that I'd hear either hautboy or flute,
 I'd give all my treasure to boggle the root
 Of your, &c. a thrust of your kidneys for me.

From the young to the old, none venture to say,
 That I ever refus'd them by night or by day:
 And have been as free as the flowers in May,
 And at all times been ready with them for to play
 On their, &c. I am a doctor that never takes a fee.

S O N G

(3)
SONG XLIX.

ROGER AND JOHN.

TWAS cold, and young Roget had leave from
the squire:

To cleave some dry wood to recruit his wife's fire;
When at ev'ry blow, from his stomach there broke.
A hem, or a hah, near as loud as the stroke.

Derry down, &c.

His wife standing by, and demanding the reason,
Quoth Hodge: these emissions in lab'ring ease one,
For while voice and members at once thus emp'oy'd are
I drive the wedge further, and make the slit wider,
Anentive Joan heard, and was silent till night,
When Roger performing the conjugal rite,
In the midst of the rapturous amorous game,
She pinch'd him and pull'd him, and bid him cry hem,
Hodge knew what she meant, but unable to give
A comfort so long as his spouse could receive:
He cry'd my dear jewel, I can no more hem in;
There's odds you know between cleaving and boring.

SONG, L.

HAL AND CISS.

THE clock has struck, I can't tel what,
And the morning comes on as grey as a cat,

I 2

Cock

Cocks and hens from their roosts do fly,
 Cranting pigs too leave their sty,
 Down in a vale,—Cis with her pail.

Met her lover, dapper Harry,
 First they kiss'd,—then shook fist,
 And look'd like two fools just going to marry.
 Zounds quoth Ha', I can't but think,
 Now we are come to wedlock's brink,
 How pure a stroke twill be—nay fine,
 When you clap your black mark to mine ;
 Kiss at that—glowing hot,
 Kiss'd him as if she'd burn him to tinder ;
 Thus they woo,--- but mark how
 Hard fate contrives the bargain to hinder.——

Cicely had a cold, as I suppose,
 And through her fingers was blowing her nose
 Hal wanted linen, as I doubt,
 Offer'd a glove to serve for a clout,
 Sniping low,---manners to shew,
 To convince her how much he was her adorer ;
 Mark the joke—leather thong broke
 Down fell his breeches to his ankles before her,
 Cicely seeing him thus distress'd,
 Pulls of her garter of woollen list,
 And with a sly and leering look,
 Gave it to mend up what was broke,

Enmbling

Fumbling he--- could not see,

What she discover'd ere he'd ty'd all.

For before---shirt being tore,

As the devil would have it, there she spy'd all.

With that she gave him such a look,

Discontent it plainly spoke,

And running from him near a mil ,

He overtook her at a stile —

She with too much haste—milk down cast,

Topsy-turvy fell upon her poll with it ;

Half seeing that—ran with his hat,

But could not cover her e---t for his soul with it.

Some god of love, or else old Nick,

Surely contriv'd this plaguy trick,

To make the bridegroom and the bride ;

With each other dissatisfy'd ;

She grown coy---calls him a boy,

He getting from her, cries zounds you've a roze

She reply'd,--- things espy'd,

She would as soon a mere baby should espouse her

S O N G L I.

F R E N C H M I L L I N E R.

A Prett French Millener ow'd me some money,
Which she promised to pay in a manner quite funny,

She told me one day in a manner bewitching,
 • Monsieur, me will pay you your money in stitching,
 Derry down &c.

Me can make you some shirts a-la-mode de paris,
 Wid de ruffel so fine you never did see ;
 Mine traile is to hem, and to whip and to stitch,
 Repondez, Monsieur, why you look black as pish,
 Derry down, &c.

I told her I wanted no ruffles nor shirts,
 And resolv'd not to deal any more with such flirts ?
 She quickly reply'd, den Monnsieur if you wont,
 Begar den I never can settle my conte.
 Derry down, &c.

S O N G LII.

T H E C H A M B E R - M A I D.

N O T far from town a country squire,
 An open-hearted blade,
 Had long confess'd a strong desire,
 To kiss the Chamber-maid,
 To kiss the Chamber-maid.

One summer's noon, quite full of glee,
 He led her to the shade,
 And all beneath the mulberry-tree,
 He kiss'd the Chamber-maid,
 He kiss'd, &c.

The

The parson's spouse, from window high,
 The am'ros sport survey'd,
 And softly wish'd none can deny,
 She'd been the Chamber-maid,
 She'd been, &c.

When all was o'er, poor Betty cry'd,
 Kind sir, I'm much afraid,
 That woman there will tell your bride,
 You've kiss'd your Chamber-maid,
 You've kiss'd, &c.

The 'squire conceiv'd a lucky thought,
 That she might not upbraid,
 And instantly his lady brought,
 Where he had kiss'd her maid,
 Where he, &c.

Then all beneath the Mulberry-tree,
 Her ladyship was laid,
 And three times sweetly kiss'd was she,
 Just like the Chambe-maid,
 Just like, &c.

Next morning came the parson's wife,
 For scandal was her trade,
 I saw your 'squire, Ma'am, on my life,
 Great with your Chamber-maid,
 Great with, &c.

When, cry'd the lady, where, and how?
 I'll soon discharge the jade:
 Bene th the mulberry tree, I vow,
 He kiss'd your Chamber-maid,
 He kiss'd, &c.
 This falshood, cry'd her lady ship,
 Shall not my spouse degrade:
 'Twas I that chanc'd to make a slip,
 And not my Chamber-maid,
 And not, &c.
 Both parties parted in a pet,
 Not trusting what was said,
 And betty keeps her place as yet,
 The pretty Chamber-maid.

S O N G L I I I .

T H E D I S P U T E .

FOUR lovely lasses gay and bright,
 Sat snug within a grove,
 All thought themselves secure from sight,
 And freely talk'd of love.
 Whilst I in covert of the shade,
 In silent pleasure hid,
 Could hear each word the fair ones said,
 And see whate'er they did.

The

The partial girls, with witty pride,
 A warm dispute began,
 Contesting which was the best supplied,
 With that which pleases man.

But in this great and nice affair,
 Mere words were not enough;
 And each by ornamented hair,
 would bring it to a proof.

Maria, precious black-ey'd maid,
 Pull'd up her coats and shift;
 And with exulting pride display'd
 Dame Nature's bounteous gift.

Her lovely all-alluring tuff
 Was black, and near as big,
 As any northern monarch's muff,
 Or Baron Oakham's wig.

This, this, shall be your queen,
 For I can justly boast,
 'Tis this alone the mean do mean,
 When to the best they toast.

Fair Chloe smil'd, and thus she spoke,
 I'll not to Polly yield;
 Then up she drew her lilly smock,
 And all her charms reveal'd.
 Totell the beauties of the place,
 How weak is human tongue,

The noble fringes which it grace,
 In golden ringlets hung,
 Eliza next d'clos'd her parts,
 And shew'd her circling hair,
 The vanquisher of mortal hearts;
 Gods! what a sight was there.
 The luscious, circling nut-brown geer,
 Which grew on belly high,
 Did like a sumptuous arch appear,
 And reach from thigh to thigh.
 See here my girls, Eliza cry'd,
 And shall it e'er be spoke,
 That Bess has been as yet outvy'd,
 By black or yellow joke,
 'Tis this can make the Hero droop,
 And tame the bravest fellow;
 And therefore know, I scorn to stoop
 To fable or to fallow.
 Now ev'ry charming tempting she,
 Who had already shewn;
 With curious eye survey'd the three,
 And boasting of her own,
 While pretty Kitty pensive sat,
 Twixt envy and despair.
 So young dame Nature had not yet
 Been lib'ral to the Fair.

The

The little nymph unveil'd the place.
 Her secret for to shew ;
 But all was smooth as Kitty's face,
 And white as mountain snow.

Each mocking dame the girl did twit,
 And each her own extoll'd ;
 And with exulting ill-timed wit,
 Cry'd, ' Kitty, thou art bald.'

Kate bow'd her head as low as thigh,
 Regardless of their jeers ;
 She gaz'd awhile with earnest e. e,
 And cry'd, ' indeed, I have hairs.

See Polly, Chloe, Betty, see,
 They may be plainly spied ;
 If you'll just be ruled by me, and cast a glance aside.

Although no fur as yet did spring,
 On that which Kitty wore,
 I thought the pretty pouting thing,
 The prettiest of the four.

I through the hedge would fain have been,
 My case was here as bad,
 As Tantalus up to the chin,
 With apples o'er his head.

For had I through the briars gyne,
 I knew not what to say;
 So took my fill of looki'g on,
 And slyly sneak'd away.

S O N G L I V.
 T H E I R I S H J I G

O N E night in a ramble I chanc'd to see,
 A thing like a spirit it frighten'd me;
 I cock'd up my hat, and resolv'd to loor big,
 And straight fell tuning the Irish Jig.
 The devil drew nearer in short.
 I found it was one of the petticoat sort;
 My fears being over, I car'd not a fig,
 But I still kept tuning the Irish Jig
 And when I went to her, resolving to try her,
 I put her agog of a longing desire;
 I told her I'd give her a whip for her gig,
 And scourge to the tune of the Irish Jig.
 Then nothing but dancing our fancies could please,
 We lay on the grass, and danc'd at our ease;
 I down with my b——s. and off with my wig,
 And we fell a dancing the Irish Jig.
 I thank you, kind Sir, for your kindness, said she,
 The scholar's as wise as the master can be!

For

For if you should chance to get me with kid,
 I'll lay the poor bratt to the Irish Jig.
 The dance being ended, as you may say,
 We rose by consent and both went away,
 I put on my cloaths, and let her grow big.
 And so went off roaring the Irish Jig.

SONG LV.
 THE MOUSE'S TAIL.

JACK and his master a wager laid,
 Of threescore shillings and ten.
 Which of them had the longest p—k,
 The wager was to win.
 They measur'd the length, and also the breadth,
 And they m—sur'd them round about,
 But Jack he did his master beat,
 By four inches and the snout—
 The maid she went behind the barn-door,
 For which she was much to blame;
 And when she saw the wager was won,
 She went and told her dame.
 The old woman went behind the barn-door
 To do as she was wont,
 And stooping down occasionally.
 A mouse jump'd into her c—t.

The

The old woman cry'd out unto the old man,
As loud as she could cry,

There's a mouse crept into my belly,
And without your help I die.

The old man he laid her on a sack,
As oft he had done before ;

But he could not touch the mouse's tail,
By four inches, and more.

The old man cry'd out to his man] Jack,
As loud as he could cry,

Here's a mouse crept into my dames belly
And without thy help she'll die.

Without you'll double my wages quoth Jack,
Without you double my price,

Without you double my wages, quoth Jack,
My j—k shall hunt no mice.

I will double thy wages quoth the old man,
And give thee a hat and a coat.

And for to buy thee a button and loop,
My dame shall give thee a groat.

Then work it away my bonny boy Jack,
For thou needest not to fail ;

A little farther Jack she said.

And you'll tuch the mouse's tail !

Then work it away my bonny boy Jack,
For thou needest not to doubt ;

A little

A little further Jack she said,
 And you'll turn the mouse about about.
 The old man stood upon the barn-door,
 With the besom in his hand,
 To knock the mouse upon the head,
 As soon as it should land.
 Come all you merry maids of Yorkshire,
 If you will me believe,
 When the old women had enough,
 She let the mouse out of her sleeve.

SONG LVI

YOUTH AND OLD AGE

DEAR Chloe attend,
 To th' advice of a friend.
 And for once be admonish'd by me ;
 Before you ingage,
 To wed with old age,
 Think how summer and winter agree,

So artient a fruit,
 For want of a root,
 Is doom'd to a speedy decay,
 Youth might ripen your charms,
 But old age in young arms,
 Is like frosty weather in May.

Believe me dear maid,
When the best cards are play'd.

You seldom can meet with a tramp !
And to help the jest on,
When the sucker is gone

What a plague would you do with the pump ?
Let men of threelcore,
Think of marriage no more :

They need not be fond of the uoife ;
The cripple that begs,
Without any legs,

Can have no occasion for shoes.

A clock out of repair,
Doth but badly occure,

The hour of the day, or the night,
For unless my dear love,
The pendulum move,

'Twould be strange if the clock should go right.

SONG LVII.

THE HUNGRY CAT.

OF fluxing a wig our street chanters sing.
And of eating a maidens old hat,
Permit me to add one mote bead to the string.
And to speak of an hungry cat-

This

This Cat appertain'd to Miss Polly the fair,
 And she starv'd it,—o matter for that;
 I begg'd that she'd give Madam Puffs to my care,
 And with pleasure I'd feed the poor Cat,
 But she frowningly cry'd how can you request
 A thing so immodest as that?
 No body shall touzel poor Grimalkin's nest,
 Or cram with bad food my dear Cat.
 The food, dearest Miss, I design she shall eat,
 is soft, and is smooth and is fat:
 With a pretty white mouse the dear creature I'll treat,
 A mouse faith as big as a rat.
 Mighty well, but cries Polly, suppose she should taste,
 Instead of a mouse, a rat,;
 It would cause her most surely to swell in the waist,
 And occasion a great deal of chat.
 But in spite of these arguments, one day I caught
 Miss Polly a-bed, clean and pat;
 Her former denial I valu'd as nought,
 And spite of her she fed her Cat.

SONG LVIII.

THE LINK-BOY.

RECITATIVE.

A Bowling filbert N n, with doguiff eye,
 Along the streets her cracking ware did cry,
 G Two

Two chairmen, who a different nation boast,
 The Cambrian mountains, and Hibernia's coast,
 Made for the fair, of Herculean form,
 Long time had strove the frozen maid to warm :
 Soon as the dear-lov'd object they descry'd,
 They left their chairs, to gain her once more try'd ;
 First Dermot spoke in words like these,
 He hop'd in vain the nut-brown maid to please :

AIR, (St. Patrick's day in the morning.)

Arrah, my honey, my dear, and my jewel,
 I love you far better than nothing at all ;
 If you resolve to remain always cruel,
 By J——s, I'm sure it will cost me a fall.
 Then take me, my sweet one, into your good graces,
 Be after consenting, I'll call you my wife ;
 I'll make you a lady to wear silks and lace,
 And ride in a chair all the days of your life,
 Arrah, my honey, &c.

R E C I T A T I V E.

His partner, who had hitherto stood mute,
 Next boldly advanc'd to prefer his suit :
 With Visage pale, as butter-milk or whey,
 In mournful ditty thus was heard to say :

AIR. (Of noble race was Shenkin.)

Tear Nanny, lovely creature,
 All other maids exceeding,

Through

Through Cupid's snare, and sad despair,
 I See how hur heart is pleading,
 in kindness shew some pity,
 On poor untone Llhewellen;
 Or else hur tears, hur sighs, and tears,
 Will bring hur to teath's twelling.

R E C I T A T I A F.

With toss'd up nose, and hands on both her siles,
 She flights their offers, and their pains derides,
 Proud of those charms for which the lover dies,
 She snaps her fingers and exulting cries,

A I R (From the man that I love, &c.

From such lubbers as you my heart I'll defend,
 To leeks or potatoes I'll ne'er condescend;
 Then plague me no longer, for glim-pading Jack,
 Is the man I adore, and my fibbert shall crack,

R E C I T A T I V E.

Scarc had she spoke, when lo! a youth appear'd,
 Who Bridewell, pump, or Tyburn never fear'd;
 At play-house door, in Covent-garden porch.
 When night draws on, he plies with flaming to ch,
 Like Hymen, then, it justly may be said,
 He often lights fond couples home to bed,
 He gazes, frowns, his looks his mind betray.
 Then seiz'd her hand, and bore the nymph away

(100).

A I R (Colinet.)

On yon bulk behold 'em laid,
Gentle Morpheus lend thy aid ;
Keep the watch from coming there,
To disturb the happy pair ;
Stealing pleasures while they can,
Who so blest as Jack and Nan ?



S O N G L I X .

T H E C R A B - T R E E .

T H E moon was pendulous above,
The sun had gain'd her Nadir ;
When Sylvia full of youth and love,
In loose attire array'd her.
The twinkling stars intic'd her out,
And she decoy'd her sister ;
And as she nimbly tripp'd about,
The boughs would fain have kiss'd her.

Inclin'd to mirth, thus Sylvia said,
Come hither sister Chloe,
I've learnt to stand upon my heed,
Observe my girl, I'll shew ye,
She did what she design'd to do,
Her leggs were wide extended :
Her c—t expos'd to open view,
Since nothing could defend it.

To

To steal pearmain upon a tree,
 Hard by a boy was mounted ;
 From him the tale devolv'd to me
 Most faithfully recounted,
 I heard the merry wag protest,
 The muff between her haunches,
 Resembled much a magpies nest,
 Between two lofty branches,
 In this inviting posture stood
 The lady near a minute ;
 Jack took the choicest fruit he could,
 And fairly chuck'd it in it,
 It soon took root, the soil being fine,
 Pray credit what I tell ye,
 And like the visionary vine,
 It overspread her belly.
 In pleasing shades the stalks arose,
 And rang'd themselves in order,
 And where the bubbling fountain flows,
 Hangs wav'ring o'er its border ;
 Since chance had plac'd its growing there,
 And nature fix'd the root on't,
 For want of necessary care,
 Crabs only were the fruit on't.

SONG, LX.

CYMON AND IPHIGENE, burlesqued.

RECITATIVE.

NEAR Drury's dreadful sands where many a blood
 Has oft been laid supinely in the mud,
 A house there stands for dissipation made,
 Ram'd through the kingdom for the f—g trade;
 Thither, from counting-house, adjourn'd a buck,
 To spend the evening, and to take a f—k.
 Young Iphigene, a plump and hearty dame,
 Came just in time to quench his am'rous flame.
 Cymon, this buck, attacks her without dread,
 A bargain's made, away they steer to bed;
 But Cymon's words must modestly be sung,
 The theme's too lofty for a modern tongue.

A I R.

Dear charmer suffer me to ride;
 Pray throw your pretty legs aside,
 And let me go between:
 Then press me close between your thighs;
 I'll soon make you turn up your eyes,
 My lovely Iphigene!

R E C I T.

R E C I T A T I V E.

As Cymon gave directions she perform'd,
 While he with vigour push'd, and bravely storm'd,
 Till titillating friction touch'd the blood,
 And gave the symptoms of the trickling flood;
 The sparkling lustre of her lovely eyes,
 Grows doubly bright; her short and heaving sighs
 Express the tumults that she feels below:
 At length she faints, with——Gently——Cymon——oh——
 The youth in raptures quickly lost his sight,
 And fell entranc'd, benum'd, and helpless quite:
 At length recovering from his fit, he press'd
 The gasping fair, and thus his song address'd:

A I R.

Look up, my dear, and view your swain,
 Whose standing p—k waits once again
 To force his way between
 Thy swelling thighs, the cover'd way,
 The seat of pleasure and of play,
 Of charming Iphigene.

R E C I T A T I V E.

Amaz'd, she wonders how he could produce,
 In such short time, the all-dissolving juice:
 She gazes, finds him brawny, saw it stand,
 Then bless'd herself, and stroak'd it with her hand;

And smiling swore by all the powers above,
 He was the man on whom sh'd fix her love,
 The youth in haste just ready to let fly,
 Gave her a kiss, and thus he made reply :

A I R.

Hug me close, and suck it in,
 To lose a drop would be a sin ;
 Twine your legs about my back,
 And strain till nerves and sinews crack
 Be not silly, coy, nor shy,
 Strive together to let fly ;
 Then with close and rapturous kiss,
 Both our souls shal sink in bliss.

S O N G L X I.

“ Hony soit qui mal y pense. ”
 “ To the tune of Stick a Pin there.”

YE bucks and ye jimmies who ramble the park,
 Whose hearts and whose heads are as lightsome as cork
 Through Buckingham gate, as to Chelsea you pass
 Without fee or reward you may see the Q—'s A—.
 See the Q—'s A— see the Q—'s A— ;
 Without fee or reward, &c. A sight

A fight such as this surely never was seen ;
 Who the deuce would no gaz at the A—of a Q—n ?
 What prospect so charming, —what scene can surpass
 The delicate sight of her M———'s A—?

Though squamish old prudes with invective and spleen
 May turn up their noses and censure the Q—n,
 Crying out, 'Tis a shame that her Q—nship alas !
 Should take such a pride— in exposing her A—.

Let them rail if they will, yet I'll betten to one,
 Not a prude of them all, but would alter her tone,
 Provided that fortune so kind to each life,
 Had bestow'd such an A— as her M———'s A—.

The fribbles cry out, 'Tis a sin and a shame,
 To suffer such a thing with so filthy a name ;
 Though they rail yet will each take a peep through his glass
 For who would not peep at her M———'s A—.

From M**k**h St**l**z a place of renown,
 This good natur'd p---n--fs came here for a crown :
 And now in return to the folks as they pass,
 She kindly repays them---by shewing her A—.

Ye gods ! I wish pleasure could gaze day and night,
 At so charming, so pretty, so curious a sight ;
 In truth I must own---nay I swear by the mass.
 I could kiss if no treason, her M———'s A—.

But

But this for a subject, though loyal I fear,
 Would be look'd on by some folks as coming to near;
 Then in prudence my passion I'll stifle alas,
 Content but to gaze on her M——'s A—.
 Resign'd to my fate, thus to gaze and no more,
 In vain for possession I sigh and implore,
 But Scripture informs us that all flesh is grass,
 And SUCH I presume, is her M——'s A—.

Since then there is no mighty difference between
 The A— of a subject, and that of a Q——,
 Let each lad full of glee take his bottle and glass,
 And drink the Q——s health—not forgetting her A—.

SONG LXII.

OYSTER NAN,

A S Oyster Nan stood by her tub,
 To shew her vicious inclination,
 She gave her noble parts a scrub,
 And sigh'd for Copulation.
 A vintner of no little fame,
 Who excellent white and red could sell ye,
 Observing of this dirty dame,
 As she was scrubbing of her belly.
 Come in, come in, you dirty flutt,
 This is a rare convenient minute;

I'll lay the itching of your seat,
 Unless some greedy devil's in it
 With that flap-cap Nanny snail'd,
 And fain would blush but could not,
 Saying how soon we are beguil'd
 To do the things we should not.
 In the door they went behind the bar,
 As is by common fame reported;
 And there upon a leather chair,
 The loving couple kiss'd and sported;
 But being call'd by company,
 As he was taking pains to please her,
 I' coming coming sir said he;
 And so am I my dear said she Sir,
 Her mole-hill belly swell'd about,
 Into a mountain quickly after,
 And when the little brat crept out,
 The creature caus'd a mighty laughter;
 But now she's learnt the pleasing game,
 Although much pains and shame it cost her;
 And daily ventures at the same,
 And shuts and opens like an oyster.

S O N G XLIII.

B A C C H U S ' s A D V I C E

DRINK about, my dear friend,
 For I pray to what end,
 Stands useless the full flowing bowl?

Leave

Leave your sorrows behind,
 Give your care to the win^l.
 And drink to each joyous brave soul.
 Leave your frowns &c.
 Drink about &c.

For Alcides the fam'd,
 Who monsters all tam'd,
 And bound the stout porter of hell;
 Though Immortal his line,
 Had it not been for wine,
 Might like them he conquer'd have sell.
 Tho' Achilles the great,
 When he fought at such rate,
 And slew the great Hector of Troy,
 'Twas the grape's potent juice,
 Made him wonders produce.
 And Priam's whole race to destroy.

Neoptolemus too.
 The same steps did pursue,
 And trac'd the fam'd heroes of yore,
 He'd in drinking relax.
 And burn Pyrrhus's acts,
 Was as great as his father before him.

And Ulysses the sly,
 Had been drinking for why

When

When the Trojan Paladium he stole,
 For his subtle thoughts sprang,
 If e'er Ajax but sung,
 The charms of a sparkling full bowl.

Since in drinking we find,
 There's a charm for the mind,
 Let Bacchus then join in the train,
 Drink my lads drink as ut,
 Let us see the bowl out.
 And once more we'll fill it again.

S Q N G LXIV.

R E C I T A T I V E .

ON top of turf-stack once, with longing tir'd,
 Poor Shelah sat, her legs all bog-bemir'd,
 Dint dy'd her neck, her nose all far'd with snuff
 Her arms like coast-mahogany red and rough:
 And thus poor Shela sung.

In the county O' Kilkenny I'm handsome as any
 In the ninth I'm call'd the girl silky,
 Theres Pat i k O'Farr l, and Phelim O'Donnel,
 They love me much better than whisky. Though

(NO)

Though some whores wear sluttins and others wear patens

Whilest I without brogues go a begging;

If without brogues I go, I would have you ro know,

I love like my betters good f——k.

In most folks opinion, my skin's white as onion.

My features are nick-nam'd mulatto,

My belly is spread, like a black-a-moor's head,

And my a—e is as hard as potatoe;

But here is the feature, the mouse-trap of nature,

As tough and as juicy as can be;

O for all overitching, for want of a fitching,

Come boddsr my gigg with your Slawnbree-

R E C I T A T I V E.

Paddy entrenched, and half naked stood,

Emptying with scoop the stagnate mud.

He mounts the bank with b——s bare,

His b——s with strong bristly hair.

As soon as Shela saw him she slipp'd down the stack

And lewdly at the bottom she lay on her back

She up'd with her cloaths, and discover'd her crack,

The inside was scarlet, the outside was black.

Of her balinamora and ora.

She kept her leggs open, expecting the job,

Paddy's p—k 'twixt her leggs went bibbity-bob,

But seeing th. orifice rais'd up his knob,

And his p—k and her c—t went bitbit, -bob.

Ad her balinamora and ora.

(111)

Tune, " Larry Grogan. "

Arrah Paddy you'r choakin me, do uo not be poking me

What the devil is this you've stuck in me stuck in me

Where are you going, or what are you doing !

By my soul I believe you are f---k. me, &c.

But now you are in me, by my shoul i'll lie still,

Blood and ounds you have bother'd my belly ;

O go no farther, — i'll cry murder,

My c---t is all in a jelly

When first he began to thrust his pole in,

He made all my members to quiver,

So far he was thrust in, i thou'ht i was bursting,

He turn'd up the lap of my liver.

But before you leave me one f---g give me.

Pay well my pumpkin, O thereabout, thereabout ;

For it is all in, my guts are down falling,

You have made in my belly a stir-about. stir-about,

S O N G LXV.

A Friar to a river went,
To wash h s hands and face ;

And there he esp. 'd, a pretty maid,

A bathing of her a---e.

And her fa', jal, &c.

Oh

O what is the matter my pretty maid,

That your cheek looks so red,

I answer'd with carrying fire in my a--e

For to warm my masters bed,

and his fal, la, &c.

Then the Friar he lugg'd out a mighty t--se,

As big as he could handle,

And if you carry fire in your a--e,

Pray let me light this candle.

By your fal, &c,

Then the Fryar he ramm'd in his mighty t--se,

As much as he could stuff,

But she melted his tallow all away,

And reduc'd it to a snuff

By her fal, la, &c.

The Fryar he kneel'd upon the ground,

In posture most devout,

Lighten my darkness l--d he cry'd,

For my candle's quite burnt out.

By her fal, la, &c,

SONG LVI.

To the tune of " There was a fair maid but I wont tell
her name."

WHEN Jove flunk to earth for a bit of that fumes

And himself metamorphos'd to meet a fair dame,

I'm surpriz'd he ne'er chang'd to a cock of the game,

With his fal, la, &c.

What shape could he fix on so proper below ?
 Why women will tell you, and women shoud know,
 There's none like a cock that can constantly crow,
 With his fal, &c.

Ye Bucks be advis'd by a stag of the game,
 When you find a fair fond of a thing she can't name,
 Begin to crow, you are cock-sure of the dame,
 With her fal, &c.

She's pleas'd to receive what a cock can bestow,
 When he knocks for admittance, she never says no,
 But wide-spreading sinks and permits him to crow,
 In her fal, &c.

The youth who would wish with a widow to wed,
 Let him boldly but crow, and upright shew his head,
 Like a hen she will cackle and call for a tread,
 Of his fal, &c.

But the husband who capon-like, flights the young hen,
 When call'd down to crow cannot answer again,
 Should be flogg'd by the females back into his pen,
 With his fal, &c.

'Twas thus that Miss Kitty, the blauteous, the wild,
 To a fumbler for wealth was in wedlock beguild,
 He once strove to crow but the music was spoild,
 Of his fal, &c.

She mop'd round the house and then oft full of play,
 His cheek gently patting would down loving lay,
 But alas, twas in vain for nought could he say,
 With his fal, &c.

At length a brisk flag came by chance in her view,
 He stretch'd himself out, and she sigh'd at the shew,
 But much more she sigh'd when she first felt him crow,
 With his fal, &c.

She wantonly welcom'd him into her pen,
 For what she once felt she would fain feel again,
 All women in this will take after the hen,
 With their fal, &c,
 To you love-longing girls this advice I bestow,
 In a lovers address regard not his show,
 Nor make sure of a man till you know he can crow,
 With his fal, &c.

SONG LXVII.

I AM a jolly toper,
 I am a ragged soph,
 Known by the pimples in my face,
 With taking bumpers off,
 And a toping we will go, &c.
 Come let's fit down together,
 And take our fill of beer.

Away with all disputes,
 For we'll have no wrangling here,
 And a toping, &c.

With clouds of tobacco,
 We'll make our noddles clear,
 We'll be as great as princes,
 When our heads are full of beer,
 And a toping, &c.

With jugs, mugs, and pitchers,
 And Bellarmine's of stale,
 Dash'd lightly with a little
 A very little a e.
 And a toping, &c.

A fig for the Spaniards,
 And for the King of France,
 Kind heav'n preserve our jugs and mugs;
 And king from all mischance,
 And a toping, &c.

Against the Presbyterians,
 Pray give me leave to rail,
 Who ne'er had thirsted for king's blood,
 Had they been drunk with stale,
 And a toping, &c.

Against the low-church saints,
 Who sily play their parts,

Who rail at the Dissenters,

Yet love them in their hearts,

And a toping, &c.

Here's a health to the king,

Let's bumpers take in hand.

And may Prince F——'s Roger,

Grow stiff again and stand,

And a toping, &c.

Oh how we tofs about,

The never failing cann,

We drink and piss, and piss and drink,

And drink to piss again.

And a toping, &c.

O that my belly,

It were a ton of stale,

My cock were turn'd into a tap,

To run when I did call.

And a toping, &c.

Of all sorts of topers,

A soph is far the best,

Till he can neither go nor stand,

By Jove he's ne'er at rest,

And a toping, &c.

We fear no wind or weather,

When good liquor dwells within,

And

And since a fop does live so well,

Then who would be a king.

And a toping, &c.

Then dead drunk we'll march, boys,

And reel into our rooms,

That jollier fops (if such there be)

May march into our rooms.

And a toping, &c.

S O N G LXVIII.

BY the mole on your bubbies so round and so white,
By the mole on your neck where my arms would
unite,

By whatever mo'e else you have got out of sight,
I beseech thee to hear my dear Molly.

By the kiss just a starting from off thy moist lips,

By the delicate up-and-down jut of thy hips,

By the tip of your tongue which all tongues far out tips,
I beseech, &c.

By the down on your bosom on which my soul dies,

By the thing of all things which I love as my eyes,

By the thoughts I lie down with and those when I rise,
I beseech, &c.

By all the soft pleasures a virgin can share,
 By the cruel miseries no virgin can bear,
 By the quest on I burn for to ask but don't dare,
 I beseech thee to hear me dear Molly.

S O N G L X I X .

T H E M E N W I L L R O M A N C E .

W H E N I enter'd my teens and threw playthings aside,
 I conceiv'd myself woman, and fit for a bride;
 By the men I was flatter'd my pride to enhance,
 For the maids will believe, and the men will romance:
 They swore that my eyes the bright diamond excell'd,
 Such a face, and such tresses, sure ne'er was beheld;
 That to gaze on my neck was all rapture and trance!
 Oh the maids will believe and the men will romance.
 Young Polydore saw me one night at the ball,
 And swore to my charms he a conquest must fall:
 On his knee he entreated my hand to a dance!
 Ah! the maids will believe, and the men will romance.
 He conducted me home, when the pastime was o'er,
 And declar'd he never saw so much beauty before;
 He sigh'd and sigh'd, as he saw me advance;
 Ah! the maids will believe, and the men will romance.
 Then

Then day after day I his company had,
 At length he declar'd all his flame to my dad;
 But my father lov'd money, and would not advance,
 And reply'd to my lover, young men will romance.
 But though my papa would not give us a shilling,
 My Polydore swore he to wed me was willing;
 So to church we both went, and at night had a dance,
 And believe me, my Polydore did not romance.

S O N G LXX.

Sung by PHELM O'BLUNDER in the Double
 Disappointment.

DEAR Molly, I love you, I hope there's no harm in
 that,

For you are so sprightly, and witty, and charming, that
 Whenever I see you my heart it goes pit-a-pat,
 And I am grown lean and dry, who was once sleek & fat.
 Save me, save me, dear Molly save me,
 Or I will hang myself, if you will not have me.

I'm grown a meer sloven, who was once a flirting fop
 My fine coal black hair is chang'd to a dirty mop;
 My face is grown parch'd, like an over-done mutton chop,
 That can of gravy not yield you a single drop.

Gravy, gravy, one drop of gravy,
 Even just as brown and dry looks your poor Davy.

When first I was ask'd to drink tea with my Molly dear
 I put on my Kerry-stone buckles and solitaire;
 I sent for the barber, and cry'd, shave me, do you hear;
 And I'll give sixpence to drink out in ale and beer,
 Shave me, shave me, powder and shave me,
 Make me look spruce and fine then Molly will have
 me.

Then straight to the place of appointment I hurried me,
 Where her bright eyes and sweet looks they so worried me
 That from that moment I thought of no other she,
 And now I most humbly crave you my bride to me.

Crave you, crave you—Oh now I crave you,
 For my bride, from this hour, dear Molly I crave
 you.

Then if you'll consent, you sweet little knave you :
 I will your husband be, and never leave you ;
 My surname is Drope, and my christian name Davy,
 And when we are married we'll go to Glenavy.

Navy, navy, go to Glenavy,
 Then who'll be so happy as Molly and Davy.

S O N G LXXI.

WOULD you have a young virgin of fifteen years,
 You must tickle her fancy with sweets and dears,
 Ever toying and playing, and sweetly, sweetly,
 Sing a love sonnet, and charm her ears.

Wittily

Wittily, prettily talk her down,
 Chafe her and praise her if fair or brown,
 Sooth her, and smooth her,
 And teaze her, and p'ease her,
 And touch but her smicket and all's your own.
 Do you fancy a widow well known in men,
 With the front of assurance come boldly on;
 Be at her each moment, and briskly, briskly.
 Put her in mind how time steals on:
 Rattle and prattle altho' she frown,
 Rouse her and rouse her from morn to noon;
 And shew her you're able,
 Some hour to grapple,
 And get but her writings and all's your own.
 Do you fancy a punk of a humour free,
 That's kept by a fumbler of quality,
 You must rail at her keeper, and tell her, tell her,
 That pleasure's best charms in variety;
 Swear her much fairer than all the town,
 Try her and ply her, and when cully's gone.
 Dog her, and jog her,
 And meet her, and treat her,
 And kiss with a guinea, and all's your own.

S O N G LXXII.

M O L L Y M O G G.

MY sweet pretty Mogg, you're soft as a bog,
 And wild as a kitten, and wild as a kitten :
 Those eyes in your face——(O pity my case)
 Poor Dermot hath smitten, poor Dermot hath smitten.
 For softer than silk, and fair as new milk,
 Your lilly white hand is, your lilly white hand is :
 Your shape's like a pail from your head to your tail,
 You're strait as a wand is, you're strait as a wand is,
 Your lips red as cherries, and your curling hair is,
 As black as the devil, as black as the devil ;
 Your breath is as sweet too as any potatoe,
 Or orange from Seville or orange from Seville :
 When dress'd in your boddice you trip like a goddess,
 So nimble so frisky, so nimble so frisky ;
 A kiss on your cheek (tis so soft and so sleek)
 Would warm me like whisky would warm me like
 whisky.
 I grunt and I pine and I sob like a swine,
 Because you're so cruel, because you're so cruel :
 No rest I can take : and asleep or awake,
 I dream of my jewel, I dream of my jewel.

Your

Your hate then give over, nor D-rmot your lover,
 So cruelly handle, so cruelly handle;
 O D-rmot must die like a pig in a sty,
 Or snuff of a candle, or snuff of a candle.

S O N G LXXIII.

Sung by Mr. DUNSTALL, in Love in a Village.

A Plague of those wenches they make such a potter,
 When once they have let a man have his will:
 They're always a whining for something or other,
 And cry he's unkind in his carriage;
 What too' he spake 'em ne'er so fairly,
 Still they keep teasing, teasing on;
 You cannot persuade 'em,
 Till promise you've made 'em;
 And after they've got it,
 They'll tell you——adrot it!
 Their characters blasted, they're ruin'd undone,
 And then to be sure, fir,
 There is but one cure, fir,
 And all their discourse is of marriage.

S O N G.

SONG LXXIV.

THE ANGLER.

COME listen awile, and I'll tell you a story,
 'Tis of a staunch angler, who lov'd the sport well :
 Pray mark the contents which I shall here lay before ye,
 The tale it is true that to you I shall tell.

With aruv, ruv, ruv, ruv, ruv, areau ;

Ruv, aruv, rav, rav, ruv, ruv, in and out O.

This angler so staunch, had a buxom young wife fir,
 Whom he oftentimes left before break of day.
 But she not approving his odd way of life fir,
 Would oft heave a sigh when her spouse was away.

With aruv, &c.

Ah ; why did I marry a man that loves fishing ?

Ye fair be advis'd for in this you'll agree,
 That a right woman's man should love nothing but
 fleshing,

And with such a dear spouse how contented I'd be.

With aruv, &c.

Then strait to a buxom young fellow she went fir,
 Who often had blam'd her for being too coy,
 He view'd her fond eyes and found out her intent fir,
 And eagerly press'd her to grant him the joy.

With aruv, &c.

Stx

Six times he put in, and six times he pull'd out fir
 Till weary with sport he could angle no more :
 Quoth he tho' I've caught neither barble nor trout fir,
 I ne'er in my life had such angling before.

With aruv, &c.

My dear, quoth the fair, you may put in again fir,
 But first plumb you depth or your art won't avail ;
 If you touch not the bottom your angling's in vain fir ;
 Fish deep to the bottom of that sport you'll not fail.

With aruv, &c.

Then strait with his plummet he felt for the ground fir,
 Deeper yet quoth the fair for you're never the near ;
 No bottom quoth she is there yet to be found fir,
 Zounds why should I plumb when no bottom's here ?

With aruv, &c.

Ne'er stand for an inch, quoth the fair, you are right fir,
 Now bait well your hook and throw it in with a glance,
 Have patience a little you'd soon have a bite fir ;
 There ! now ! mind the bob ! —— 'tis a smart one,
 quoth she.

With aruv, &c.

Then strait he pull'd up, But the fish it was gone fir,
 His hair bait taken off, and his line snapt in twain ;
 See, my love, quoth the blade, I am quite broken
 down fir,

Nevermind it, quoth she, put it in once again.

With aruv, &c.

Ah,

Ah, no quoth the blade, see my tackle's past us'g,
 But to-morrow I'll come, so till that time adieu.
 Co, foolish, said she, for such pastime refusing,
 Yet, ah ! could my spoufy but angle like you.
 With aruv, &c,

Observe brother bobs, and take this as a warning,
 The jest will hold good, for the moral is plain:
 Ere you part with your wives give a hearty goodmorn'g,
 And as brisk a goodnight when you meet them again.
 With aruv, &c.

S O N G LXXV.

THE HAMMERSMITH PAINTER.

A Jolly brisk Painter from Hammer-smith came,
 To hear what news was in the town;
 He met with a jolly brisk maid by the way,
 And ask'd if he should lay her down.
 'Twas on a bench near to the Goat,
 This young man pull'd up her petticoat,
 And there they enjoy'd both pleasure and sport.
 The cream of the jest I mean to declare;
 When he with his brush was got to work:
 It was a most pleasing sight to see,
 When she with her buttocks gave such a jerk:

The

The bench it broke, and he follow'd after,
 Somebody came by and burst in a laughter,
 Zounds, say she, y u have broke my caster.

The place was dirty, where they fell in,
 And all bedaub'd this couple were ;
 Somebody came by that knew them well,

Crying, my lad, be of good cheer ;
 For though the constable is hard by,
 You need not fear, since I'm so nigh,
 Zounds, says the constable, finish, y u lie.

Before the justice he was brought,
 There to answer for what he had done ;
 I catch'd him on Madam, the constable said,

Just in the height of their fun ;
 I bid him get off, but he did swear,
 And told me I had no business there,
 And a fig for me he did not care

Come tell to me, the justice said,
 Come tell to me most speedily.
 What means or ways of living you have,
 Or else a soldier you shall be :

For you are a young man stout and tall,
 And able to stand by a cannon-ball,
 It may be your fortune to rise or fall.

I am a painter, the young man said,
 To use my brush I thought no harm,

I painted

I painted something on your maid's belly,
 Thinking I might your worship charm;
 I painted her Venus as down she was laid,
 I took all these pains 'cause she was your maid,
 To tell you the truth, fir, I am not afraid.
 It is my maid I plainly see,
 And you have wrought her overthrow;
 With her you have dealt deceitfully.
 About your business, you must go;
 But had you not a painter been,
 You shoud' have gone and serv'd the king,
 But now you may sit and merrily sing.
 Go take your pencils and your rules,
 Likewise your compasses and tools,
 And kiss in spite of pimping fools.

S O N G LXXVI.

BOB AND HIS LANDLADY;

Or, the Young Soldier's Frolic.

UPON the march it was my lot
 A billet for to share,
 Unto an inn, which made me grin,
 To see my dame so fair:
 My landlord he prov'd kind to me,
 And I got quarters there;

And

And it's true I kiss'd my landlady,

Let that stand there,

Let that stand there,

'Tis true, &c.

Our lousy landlord blam'd me,

For doing of this deed ;

Because I did relieve his wife,

When in the time of need :

Being a petty constable,

For him I do not care ;

It's true I kiss'd his pretty wife,

Let that stand there.

Our orders were for Ireland,

I did to her declare,

Which made my handsome landlady]

Begin to curse and swear ;

Saying, I'll go along with Bob,

Let Bob go ere so far,

My Bob's the lad that kiss'd me well,

Let that stand there.

Farewell my loving landlady,

I must pursue therout ;

Dear Bob, says she, pray stay with me,

Let's have the other bout :

I painted something on your maid's belly,
 Thinking I might your worship charm;
 I painted her Venus as down she was laid,
 I took all these pains 'cause she was your maid.
 To tell you the truth, fir, I am not afraid.
 It is my maid I plainly see,
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Let Bob go ere so far,

My Bob's the lad that kiss'd me well,

Let that stand there.

Farewell my loving landlady,

I must pursue therout ;

Dear Bob, says she, pray stay with me,

Let's have the other bout :

I'll rob the cuckold of his gold,
 And thou the same shall share ;
 Forthou'rt the man that kiss'd me well,
 Let that stand there.
 Then twenty guineas in my hand,
 She lovingly did squeeze ;
 Dear Bob, says she, pray think on me,
 When you are on the seas ;
 Pray think on me, I will agree,
 With you all fates to share ;
 For thou'rt the man that kiss'd me well,
 Let that stand there,

SONG LXXVII.

MIRTH AND JOLLITY.

O Fall the delights that's in the town,
 Give me a wanton lass,
 That when with me she does lie down,
 Begins to wriggle her a—.
 Articles when between parties are made,
 Each side must stand the brunt ;
 And of all the trifling things in town,
 Give me a pretty girl's c—,
 Cap of cambrick very fine.
 Adorn'd with Flander's lace,
 That when with me she walks abroad,
 May adorn her beautiful face,

A wench

A wench in your bed is a pleasure.

If on her you make no momock ;

But if you are not pleasing to her,

She'll be apt to tear off your —

Bowling on your pleasant green,

Is a pastime that gentlemen prize ;

But of all the bowling that pleaseth me,

Is betwixt a pretty maid's —

Thick is the tree that grows in a wood,

And so is the evil of a lawyer ;

But when the devil gets him in hell,

He soon will him devour.

Tom stich has a wife,

He us'd after her to hunt,

He was so jealous grown of her,

That at length he stich'd up her c—,

Country girls as fresh as a rose.

And adorn'd with a beautiful wrinkle,

They have a better hand than wenches in town.

To play with a young man's —

Peter Grievous had a cat.

That us'd with him to play,

It was the best companion he could find

For to keep him company.

Down by a murm'ring river side,

Where wenches themselves did untuck ;

But Kate she espy'd a man coming,
 And said he shou'd her —
 Fie upon you, says Betty,
 I have the prettiest wrinkle,
 And if that he does come this way,
 In it he shall put his; —
 Pippins they are for pancakes,
 And a rod for the back of a fool;
 But was wenches to please their fancies,
 Twould be with a young man's tool,

S O N G LXXVIII.

THE lasses are so wanton grown,
 The lads are growing so lazy,
 That as they range along the town,
 You'd think they all was crazy:
 Fire away, the game we'll play,
 We value no disaster;
 Since they invite, we'll boldly fight,
 So touch the thing, you bastard,
 Then stepping up to Temple-Bar,
 As through the streets was ranging,
 There I espy'd a jolly tar,
 Who had got some gold a changing:
 Then ou'espoke a snarling la's,
 Her name was pretty Esther;

Come

Come lay a thing unto a thing,
 And play with it, you bastard.
 Then stepping up to Drury-lane,
 Along with a shoemaker,
 There I espy'd two bouncing frows,
 A taylor and a quaker;
 There I upp'd them both the glim,
 And now they want a plaister:
 The quaker lost his watch and gold,
 So touch the thing, you bastard.
 Brave boys, since we are so besieg'd,
 By girls of every station,
 They'll surely make our pockets bleed,
 And take our recreation:
 Fire away, the game all play,
 We value no disaster;
 Since they invite, we'll boldly fight,
 To touch the thing, you bastard.

SONG LXXIX.

THE MOLE CATCHER.

IN Malden, in Surry, at the sign of the Plough,
 There lives a young couple as I shall tell how,
 And he had a wife that was buxom and gay,
 And she with a farmer used for to play.

The man was a Mole-Catcher by his trade;
 He went to the fields with his traps and his spade;
 In catching of moles from morning till night,
 The farmer he used to play with his wife.

The man had a jealousy of the thing,
 He hid in the bake house to see him come in,
 Then seeing the farmer come over the stile,
 That made the Mole-catcher begin for to smile.

He came to the door, and thus he did say,
 Oh where is your husband, good woman, I pray?
 A catching of moles, you need not fear:
 But little she thought her husband was there.

The farmer immediately pull'd her down in his lap,
 Ay says the Mole-catcher, I've you in my trap;
 Then up stairs they went for to fill their design;
 The Mole-catcher follow'd soon after behind,

Then out at the window her head she then put,
 The farmer immediately pull'd up her coats;
 He could not come at her before, as we find,
 So he was obliged for to take her behind.

The Mole catcher the farmer's shirt did tear,
 For he was resolv'd to examine his ware:
 And as he was peeping, he saw his long pin,
 He said to his wife, my dear was he in.

O yes

O yes, with blushes, then she did say,
 O yes, he was in, but a little way;
 O that is enough, he said to his wife.
 This is the best mole e'er I caught in my life.
 Just as they were in the midst of their sport,
 The Mole-catcher caught him fast hold by the coat;
 Saying, you villain, what would you be at,
 I think now I have got you safe in my trap.
 I'll make you pay for ploughing my ground,
 And as for the money it shall be ten pound;
 The farmer said, the money I don't mind,
 For it has not cost me past six-pence a time.
 So now to conclude with some of the loss,
 The farmer's obliged to go to the Cross,
 A spending his arse, I know not how,
 He durst not go to the sign of the Plough.

S O N G LXXX.

A S O N G U P O N S O N G S.

COME every brisk soul,
 Who delight in a bowl,
 In mirth or what to it belongs:
 Attend to my verse,
 While here I rehearse,
 To please you, a song upon songs.

End

Put first I declare,

To him to hear

This little original songs ;

Let him think what he will,

Nought offensive or ill.

Is contain'd in my song upon songs.

Great statesmen conceal

Their schemes wheel in wheel,

And under disguise commit wrongs ;

I nobody hurt,

But contribute to mirth,

By writing a song upon songs.

The boisterous knave,

Who pretends to be brave,

And boasts of his fights and ding dong's ;

When put to the test,

How fallen his crest,

And his courage a song upon songs.

The clergy resort

To superiors at court,

And crave for fat livings in throngs ;

While I, with low aim,

Aspire to fame,

In scribbling a song upon songs.

Taste differs in all,

In great and in small,

A hobby-

A hobby-horse to all belongs,
 A girl, ball or play.
 A review, or birth-day,
 Or even a song upon songs
 Guitars with some fuit,
 Some a fiddel, or flute,
 And some love a poker and tongs,
 Some admire duettos,
 And others cantatos,
 And others my song upon songs.
 Let all who've the spleen,
 Buy this magazine,
 Such property to it belongs,
 It will give them a cure,
 As certain and sure,
 As this is a song upon songs
 But if you proceed,
 And continue to read,
 Each song which to this book belongs :
 You'll own I believe,
 Many pleasures can give,
 Besides this our song upon songs.

S O N G.

SONG LXXXI.

THE ASS.

PUSH about the brisk bowl, 'twill enliven the heart
 While thus we sit round on the grass;
 The lover who talks of his sufferings and smart
 Deserves to be reckon'd an ass, an ass,
 Deserves to be reckon'd an ass.
 The wretch who sits watching his ill-gotten pelf,
 And wishes to add to the mass,
 Whatever the curmudgeon may think of himself,
 Deserves to be reckon'd an ass,
 Deserves &c.
 The beau who so smart with his well powder'd hair
 An angel beholds in his glass,
 And thinks with grimace to subdue all the fair,
 May justly be reckon'd an ass.
 May justly, &c.
 The merchant from climate to climate will roam,
 Of Cræsus the wealth to surpass,
 And oft while he's wand'ring, my lady at home,
 Claps the horns of an ox on an ass.
 Claps the horns &c,
 The lawyer so grave, when he puts in his plea,
 with his forehead well fronted with brass;
 Tho' he talks to no purpose, he pockets your fee;
 There you my good friend are the ass,
 There you &c.

The

The formal physician who knows every ill,
 Shall last be produc'd in this class ;
 The sick man a while may confide in his skill,
 But death proves the doctor an ass.
 But death &c.

Then let us companions be jovial and gay,
 by turns take the bottle and lass ;
 For he who his pleasures puts off for a day,
 Deserves to, &c.

S O N G LXXXII
 T H E B L A C K W H O R E

AS I rambled last night through the skirts of the town
 Just taking my leave of my friend Johnny Brown
 He pick'd up a whore, I had a mind for one too
 So I pick'd up one, but the devil knows who.

She led me up alleys as dark as my crime,
 And we famb'd the door out in two hours time ;
 And in finding the door out we enter'd the room,
 But nothing was there but an old birch broom.

I ask'd for a bed, and she shew'd me some straw,
 Where we pigg'd in without priest or law,
 So she litter'd me up, and she bid me lay still,
 And told me I was safe as a thief in a mill, She

She carelessly throw'd herself flat on her back,
 No neighbours to fear, nor no bedstead to crack,
 So we fell to the sport with each others consent,
 No money I gave her but an ocean I spent.

Joys three times repeated. I fell in a doze,
 Next morning I waked from my own drowsy repose,
 Then I was scared in a damnable fright,
 For I found I'd been kissing a black all the night.

My stockings I found in an ocean of piss
 My bat'n' smother'd, and all things amiss :
 The cat in my breeches tak'n, her repose,
 And thousands of creepers I found in my cloaths:

The fleas were a skipping like lambkins at play,
 But the dog being friendly, stuck to me all day ;
 The bugs by the millions were close to our backs,
 And thousands of vermin clung round the Black.

Then I hurried my implements on in a trice,
 And bore away an ocean of bugs, fleas, and lice,
 She ask'd me for two pence, and bid me good by ;
 Hell smoke you in sulphur, you black bitch said I.

S O N G LXXXIII.

AS I went through London city.
 Twas at twelve o'clock at night,
 There I saw a damsel pretty,
 Washing her joke by candle-light,

When

When she wash'd it then she drier'd it,
 The hair was black as coal upon't,
 In all my life I never saw,
 A girl that had so fine a c—t.
 My dear said I what shall I give thee,
 For a touch at you know what,
 Ma'f a crown if you are willing,
 Two shillings or you shall not,
 Eighteen pence my dear I'll give you,
 Twenty pence or not at all ;
 With all my heart it is a bargain,
 So up she mounts the Cobler's stall,
 My dear said I, how shall I ride you,
 The gallop, amble, or the trot,
 The amble is the easiest pace fir,
 With all my heart, so up I got.
 The Cobler hearing of our parley,
 Through a hole he thrust his awl ;
 He prick'd the girl into the a—e.
 Which threw the rider from the sta'l.

S O N G LXXXIV.

I Sing of your noses you all may suppose,
 The muse han't been us'd to such dishes as those ;
 But tis your long nose requires my song,
 And there's nothing so grand as a nose that is long,
 Sing tantararara long nose. Long

Long noses have long been the talk of the town,
 There's nothing so soon with ladies go down:
 They hate little noses—ye very well know,
 Because it denotes you've so little below.

The buxum young widow, will make smutty speeches,
 About your long noses, and point to your breeches,
 But mercy defend us how loud she will brawl'
 Should you come to attack' and have no nose at all.

Now if nature shou'd form on your nose a high ridge,
 The Pamsters cry Zounds, sir that's lika patney-bridge,
 While some of your noses oft make a worse farce,
 When they cry Harkee, Bob bob, your nose in my arse.

The nose that each Englishman ought most to prize,
 Is a nose that is fix'd between two squinting eyes;
 The tricks of the M—— he does expose,
 For pension or place wont be led by the nose.

A snipe nose preclaims that you picture a fox,
 A rotten nose tells us you'r plagu'd with the pox,
 And if a large carbuncle nose you have got,
 All people that's sober will swear you'r a lot.

The nose of a black is the colour of shoes,
 The Spaniard's possess'd of a large swarthy nose,
 Poor Sawney the scotchman's remarkably dull,
 To think that his nose so resembles his mull.

The nose of Frenchman looks meagre and thin,
 'Tis generally long, but looks damnable mean;
 Notwithstanding Old England is brimful of grief,
 Still an Englishman's nose is half made of roast leek.
 The nose of a Dutchman appears very snug,
 But the nose of a Dutchman's the nose of poor pug;
 And a dame from that side of the water so cute,
 Has oft swallow'd up the long nose of Lord B—.

Of the Welshman, Cot plebs hur, e'en sing what you please,
 Hur nose was the smell of a good toasted cheese;
 And if hur nose was long as hur leek,
 Cot's plut. how hur'd make all the young women squeak
 But an Irishman's nose for to sum up the whole,
 Is like nothing so much as a long barber's pole:
 Arrah, so Paddy, you see for the length of his nose,
 Is caress'd by the ladies wherever he goes,

S O N G LXXXV.

THE OLD HAT.

TO Chloe young Damon had long told his tale,
 Yet o'er her strict virtue could never prevail;
 He prais'd her, he press'd her, he kiss'd her and that,
 Yet she vow'd that he ne'er should touch her Old Hat.
 Touch her Old Hat, touch her Old Hat, yet she vow'd
 That he never should touch her Old Hat.

It happen'd he met her one day in the grove,
 He press'd her, and told her again of his love,
 Yet still she cry'd, fye, Sir, what would you be at?
 Do you think that you ere shall touch my Old Hat?
 The place was inviting, no creature was near,
 And Damon determin'd to cast away fear;
 And while his heart danc'd in his breast pity pat,
 He swore by young Cupid he'd feel her Old Hat.
 The nymph now alarm'd, struggl'd, threaten'd & swore,
 Add said all she could to escape from his power,
 His end she declar'd he should never come at,
 And vow'd she should die, if he touch'd her Old Hat,
 Yet all was in vain, with his passion grown strong,
 On the grass then he laid Mistress Chloe along;
 But still she cry'd, fye, Sir, what wou'd you be at,
 O rot ye, O curse ye, you'll tear my Old Hat.
 The youth gain'd his point, and since the fair maid,
 Of Damon has not been so sorely afraid,
 She seldom enquires what he wou'd be at.
 So he does what he pleases with Chloe's Old Hat.
 Ma'am Chloe affects now no more to be coy,
 But willing as Damon will push for the joy;
 Now Damon's strong passion is grown somewhat flat,
 Since he finds her's as easy as any Old Hat.



T O A S T S
A N D
S E N T I M E N T S.

MAY we have in our arms what we love in our hearts.

The merry travellers : rough c—t and jolly a—e.
Luck and a good f—k, and heaven when we die.
Here's to it and to't, and to them that can do it,
and he that can't, let him never come to it.

— Up with the linen, and down with the claret.

C—t in perfection, p—k in erection, and both in conjunction.

K

— May the diseases of the c—t be transferred to the
a—e h—e, and all b——s be poxed.

C—t in a bumper, p—k in his bloom.

A whore in her silks, and a wife in her tomb.

May the lovers of c---t never want roast-beef or
claret.

The pipkin that will stretch without breaking.

C---t and church, and they that won't f--k let
them pray.

May each buck catch his doe, and each rogue catch
the itch.

May our representatives strenuously defend what
they wisely resolved.

May all honest souls find a friend in need.

May the miser grow poor, and the benevolent rich.
Adam's dagger.

May trade increase, and faction cease.

May the King know rightly his prerogatives, and
the subject his privilege.

The cormorant: bites the head and eats the brains.

The one-eyed stag.

May the streams of rapture meet each other, and
seize life in the middle current.

Girls fair, fond and frisky.

A true hart, and stout p---k,
Can never make a virgin sick.

— C---t upon a fawn's back, and the clergy in full
cry.

May the cushion of life be thump'd by the club of
vigour.

Roast meat for the speaking mouth, and raw for the
dumb.

May the men leave roving, and the women deceit.
The taylor's wish : may a good button-hole never
want a stout button.

May the back never fall in the cause of the tail.

May we have full measure of leather pleasure.

The sportsman's fight in the fields of delight.

Liberty, property, and no excise.

The father of all saints.

The spot of pleasure.

The mark of Cupid's archery.

The rapturous bliss of an static kiss.

Health, peace, and plenty.

May our passions be slaves to us, not we to our
passions.

May love and reason be friends, and beauty and
prudence marry.

May no good fellow be a slave, nor no churl be free.
The grasp of nature.

The soldier's command: to the breast-work advance,
and then batter in breach.

Reputation to the mind, and defamation to the coy.
The best in the bush.

May the ink flow freely from the pen of Cupid's
clerk.

The juggler: spit his brains through his nose.

May the perpendicular of life be let fall on the
point of the fuse.

To Polly pout, and Jacky snout.

May the standing man push his argument with vigour;
and the falling woman suck seed in her undertaking.

May a languishing maid reap fruit from possession.
May our members stand stiff to the commodities of
Great Britain.

May every British officer possess Wolfe's conduct
and courage, but not meet with his fate.

May the enemies of Great Britain have a porcupine's saddle, a cobweb pair of breeches, a rough trotting horse, and a long journey.

May we never want a friend, nor a bottle to give them.

May he who wants friendship, always want friends.

May the single be married, and the married be happy.

May we never want vigour when we come to a shift.

— May the passions of women be stronger than the prejudice of education.

May our joy and vigour be limited, and both be extensive.

May the joys with the fair give pleasure to the heart.

May our happiness be sincere, and our joys be lasting.

— May the repetition of our joys be equal to the first attack.

May mutual love be attended with frequent repetition and vigour.

— May a standing member never want a place to spend his time in.

May our pleasures be boundless, while we have time to enjoy them.

May our p—k and purse never fail us.

Miller's music ; opening the sluices and grinding the stones.

The industrious maid, that scours the stones, and keeps the yard clean.

The bookbinder's wife, that stitches best in sheets.
A dish of fish, an honest foal, a pretty maid, a convenient plaise, and a cod's head in the middle.

The linen mannfactory, smock in one hand, and yard in the other.

Second mourning, black c——t and white thighs.

The Wexford oyster; rough without, moist within, and hard to enter.

The Munster lass; had rather skin a p—k than peel a potatoe.

The cruel cobbler; run his awl into his wife's belly, knocked out his foreman's brains, and hung his apprentices at the door.

The Indian way of fighting; laying upon our bellies, and firing through bushes.

The love of liberty, and liberty in love.

Life, love, and liberty.

Money to him that hath spirit to use it, and life to him that hath courage to lose it.

Great men honest, and honest men great.

May every honest man have his right, and every rogue a halter.

Extreme unction in dying virginity.

The shrub that flowers monthly, and is 'in season
all the year.

Health of body, peace of mind, a clean shirt,
and a guinea.

Health, peace, and plenty.

All our wants and wishes, and all our wanton wishes

Kiss whom we please, and please whom we kiss.

The eye that weeps most, when it is best and most
pleased.

Equal joy in the critical minute.

Success to the lover, honour to the brave,

Health to the sick, and freedom to the state.

The cock that treads his hen,

Flutters his wings, and treads again.

The sweetest when naked.

The dumb-glutton, always craving after p—e meat

The female reaper, that never leaves a handful
standing.

The lamb-like lass; that wags her tail when she
receives the nipple.

The venison feast; four haunches well spitted.

The female architect; that can replace the stones,
when she has pulled down the steeple.

The fairest, the brightest, the blackest the whitest;

- the fairest face, the brightest eye, the blackest c—t and whitest thigh.
- The Seville orange; rough, agreeable, and juicy.
- The industrious wife, that saves what her husband spends.
- The miraculous pitcher; that holds water with the mouth downwards.
- The female butcher; that extracts the marrow without hurting the bone.
- The vigour of a stone-horse, the letch'ry of a goat, the repeton of a sparrow, and the continuance of a bear.
- Girls neat and clean.
- Girls fresh and fond.
- Girls letcherous, kind and willing.
- Constancy in love, and sincerity in friendship.
- The best in christendom.
- Health in freepom, and content in bondage.
- Success to the lover, and joy to the beloved.
- Success to the falling woman and the standing man.
- The pleasure of imagination realized.
- The door of the world, and the knocker thereto.
- The fountain in Hair-court.
- The man of penetration, and the girl of capacity.

Sportsman's Hall; may our pleasures be boundless
while we have power to enjoy them.

General Splitbeard and his two Aid de Camps.

The bush under the hill.

A smooth surface upon a rough water fall.

Days of ease, and nights of pleasure.

Good store of metal, and good mould to cast it in.

May our conscience be sound, though our fortune
be rotten.

May temptation never conquer virtue.

The pleasure of pleasing.

May those who inherit the title of gentlemen by
birth, deserve it by their lives.

May the enemies of Great Britain never eat the
bread thereof; or if they do, be choaked with
the first bit.

The King to the Laws, and the Church to the
Bible.

May he who has neither wife, mistress, nor estate
in England, never have any share in the go-
vernment of it.

That freeman may never more be considered as a
property to be led to market.

The magic ring.

Honour and influence to the public spirited patrons
of trade.

Here's to all true hearts and sound bottoms,
May contempt be the fate of such among us first in
in foreign foppery, to the destruction of the
trade and manufactures of England.

Roger, the stone-cutter.

May power ever continue in the friends of England.

Girls fresh, clean, kind, and willing.

Community unity, navigation, and trade.

More friends and less need of them,

Here's to the man who dares to be honest in the worst
of times.

Here's a health to the thistle sifter, with a sieve full
of sifted thistles, and a sieve full of unsifted
thistles.

The losing gamester.

The road to a christening,

A game at all fours, and whist afterwards.

Cupid's pincushion,

A head to earn, and a heart to spend.

The two friends who weep at mourning.

What charms, arms disarms.

May we please, and be pleased,

The female oeconomist.

The union of two fond hearts.

A woman's great and small beauties.

Ligonier's livery.

Love, fire, and frolic.

Your love for mine, and ours or that of the company.

Love and opportunity,

Success to our hopes, and enjoyment to our wishes.

Taste to our pleasure, and pleasure to our taste.

Health, joy, and mutual love.

Constancy in love, and sincerity in friendship.

Love without fear, and life without care.

Friendship without interest, and love without deceit.

Peace and plenty.

All that give you pleasure.

Health, love, and ready rhino.

To all those whom you and I know.

Long may we live, happy may we be, blest with content, and from misfortune free.

May Wilkes never turn out a scoundrel.

The key that lets the man in and the maid out,

The grave that buries the living, and casts up the dead.

The bird in the hand and then in the bush,

Delicate pleasures to susceptible minds,

The harvest of life, love, wit, and good humour.
 The woman we love, and the friend we dare trust,
 The art of making feet for children's stockings,
 The first game ever played at,
 The nice house-maid.

The pleasure we enjoy face to face.

Howes strong, foxes plenty,
 Men stout, and women healthy.

May they never want, who have a spirit to spend.
 What we speak least of, think most of, and wish for
 night and morning,

May the man we love be honest, and the land we live
 in free.

May we always have a friend, and know his value.

May hemp bind him whom honour can't.

The agreeable rubs of life.

A good wife, and a great man of them.

The magical monosyllable.

May the King never want a soldier and tar, to defend
 the rights of Great Britain.

The King's wisdom, the Queen's beauty, the Queen of
 Denmark's virtue, and Lord B's honesty.

May the reward of your merit be equal to your wishes.

May the man that has real merit never want encourage-
 ment.

May Roger never want a companion.
 To the emptying of all full glasses, and the filling of
 empty ones.
 Disinterested friendship, and witless love.
 The taylor's games; all-ours, and my lady's hole.
 The lock that opens to every key.
 May the morning never find fault with the night.
 The private passage, but damn the back door.
 The heart that feels, and the hand that gives.
 The rose of pleasure without the thorn.
 Wit without bitterness, and mirth without noise.
 May the tight vessel always be well rigged and manned.
 May slaves ever meet with tyrants, and tyrants with
 their desert
 Good wine, good company, brisk fires, clear lights,
 and handsome wenches.
 The apothecaries with; work for the pestle and
 mortar.
 The two that make a third.
 The bell without a clapper; and may it never clap
 those who are able and willing to put a clapper
 into it.
 Plenty of coal, and fire to make it fly.
 May the fair always be willing, and the willing fair.
 May the lover, of a glass never want a bottle,

Religion without priesthood, and politics without party.

Maiden hair, or the fur that suits all weathers.

Let policy be turned out of doors, when she would send honesty a begging.

Youth in age, and age in youth.

May the King never want health, and his subjects never want obedience.

May wisdom direct the ministers, and state-menders learn to read themselves.

May liberty never make us licentious, and restraint never make us sad,

May we never seek more liberty than constitutes our happiness, nor more freedom than tends to public good.

May we never condemn that in others, which we would pardon in ourselves.

May we never feel the jealous fury that gnaws the heart of ambitious fool.

May the cares, which haunt the heart of the covetous never disturb our peace.

May we never desire plenty but to relieve the unhappy

May we be happy enough to find friends, but never so miserable to put them to a severe trial.

May the deformity of other men's vices teach us to abhor our own.



